THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CX.—No. 1424]
APRIL 1, 1931
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In The April BRITANNIA AND EVE

LEICESTER, the self-seeking having come uppermost once again, had at first favoured the idea of a French match, just as he had toyed with the Spaniards earlier in the reign. But, like the rest of the court, he became alarmed at the indiscretions of the Queen. "The Monkey" became more important than the councillors of state, and something had to be done. A marriage between the Queen and a French prince was difficult enough to stomach. A *mésalliance* with a gentleman of the Duke of Alençon's wardrobe was unthinkable. Altogether, apart from reasons of state, Leicester experienced that very human spite which makes rejected lovers hate their successful rivals. In that age the sword ended many human problems, and Leicester did not hesitate to plan the removal of the offending Simier by assassination. He conspired with certain nobles, and Simier was assaulted by murderers. Happily he escaped, but news of the suborned attack came to the Queen. She went into a Tudor fury, and gave Simier a suite of rooms next her own in Greenwich Palace, where he was in no danger of molestation. He was even given a key of the royal apartments, where he could find refuge if any bravo dared to whisper the slightest threat against him.

Simier was outraged.

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ON SALE TO-DAY

The Bystander, April 1, 1931

The BYSTANDER

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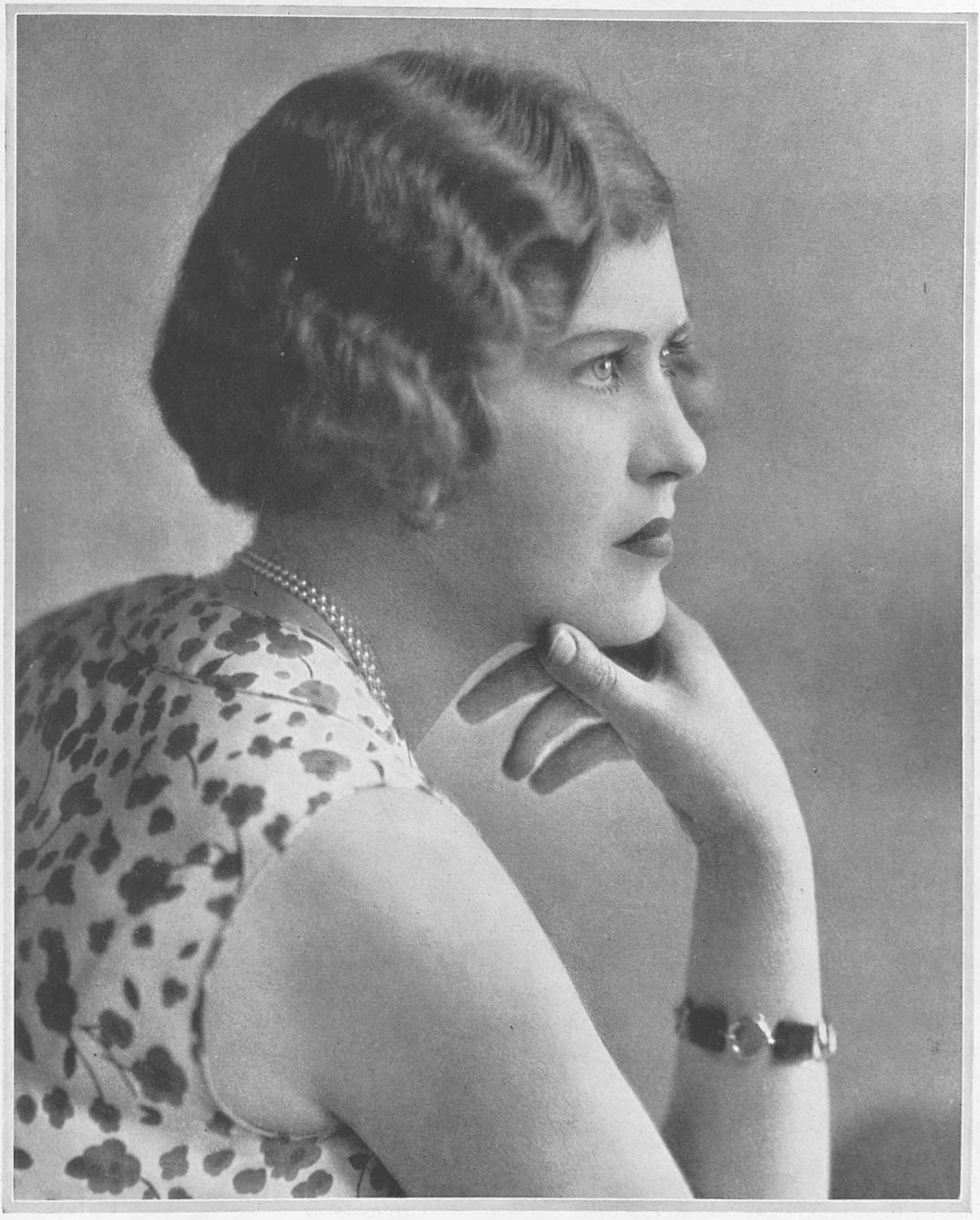


Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph*

By Marion Lewis

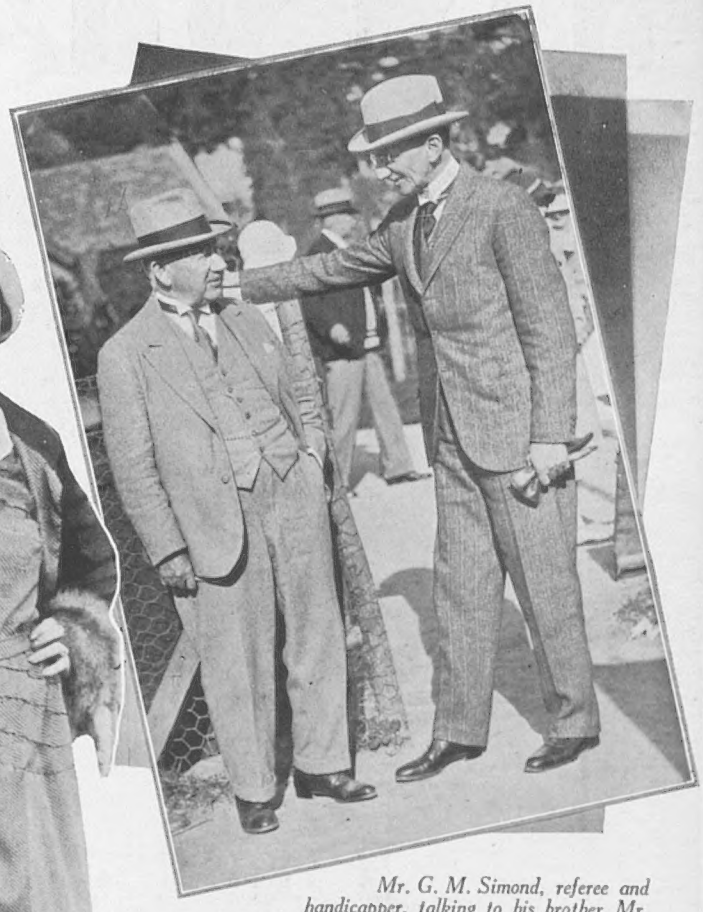
MISS PAMELA BOWES-LYON

The cousin of the Duchess of York. Her marriage to Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, the third son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, will take place on April 18, and her two favourite colours, pale blue and pale green are featuring in her trousseau, and she is asking for these shades to be prominent in her wedding presents as well

RACKET-EERS AT CANNES

Mr. A. C. Hunter, President of the Club, with Dr. Warden, a veteran player, who competed in the recent lawn tennis tournament at Cannes

Lady Gunter, wife of Sir Ronald Gunter, of Wetherby Grange, Collingham, an interested and amused spectator at the tournament



Mr. G. M. Simond, referee and handicapper, talking to his brother, Mr. C. F. Simond, another veteran player, whom he had not met for twelve years

Photographs

Captain Upton and Miss Cilly Aussem, the attractive German No. 1, who were competing in the tennis tournament at Cannes

Sport and General

Between the matches Princess Elizabeth of Greece seeks solace in a cigarette with another match provided by Mrs. Laurens

Dancers in the grounds of a mansion at Willerby, in Yorkshire, greet Spring in a classic measure. Let us hope that this year she justifies the reception accorded her on her arrival, and does not emulate winter as successfully as she sometimes does

the passing hour

THE public has been allowed to hear little of Princess Elizabeth for the past two months, whereas previously there were references and anecdotes, usually inaccurate, published about her every day of the week. The change was effected at the special request of the Duke of York. Princess Elizabeth, I hear, is going to spend Easter at Windsor Castle with her grandparents and her cousins—Princess Mary's children.

EASTER eggs this year are going to be bigger and better, or at any rate more complicated and costly than ever before. I know of one young man who is giving his fiancée a £3,000 pearl necklace inside an ordinary Easter egg. Diamond clips are likely to form the yolk of several other Easter eggs. Controversy over diamond clips in the hair is keen. The first person I saw wearing one was Miss Viola Tree. Then I observed Miss Margaret Whigham doing the same. Since then the fashion has spread rapidly, and at the Embassy Club last week I saw a girl in day clothes wearing one, for her beret hat was so far at the back of the head that the clip was perfectly visible. Many women, however, do not like the fashion.

IT seems that this is going to be a real flying Easter. From Heston Aerodrome whole coveys of machines will be going out across the Channel to points as far distant as Madrid and Cannes. Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Junior, is going to the first-named, and Mr. Loel Guinness to the latter. Heston is a very gay place these days. Nearly the whole of the D'Erlanger clan is learning, or has learnt, to fly there. Lady

Express

EASTER AT HAND

A little less restraint is noticeable in the way in which these girls herald the coming of Spring. Easter comes early this year, so let us hope a spell of real holiday weather will make it more welcome than the usual early arrival!

SPRING RACING UNDER TWO CODES

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Some horses to follow in the early part of the season were noted at Lincoln. Here they are:—

GARNOCK, carrying 9st. 5lb. put up a gallant fight to finish second to Private Seal in the first race of the season. The "Blower" joined in the heavy wagering on this strongly fancied six-year-old. Will pay to follow.

MARY MAC would probably have won the Brocklesby (five furlongs) in a few more strides. Was moving strongly at the finish.

SILLY SWAN, a mild sort of "springer" in the market, was leading the field two furlongs from home in a five-furlong sprint. This is a promising two-year-old.

ELDORADO won the Welbeck (seven furlongs) in a canter by six lengths. The Northern County trainer, Storie, deserves congratulations and should have the pleasure of seeing his charge win again over a similar distance.

NORLAND will win over a mile and a half. Started favourite and finished sixth. Make a favourable note of her.

POTCHIM figured late in the market and failed by three-quarters of a length to land the odds. He will win over a mile and a quarter.

Queensberry was in the air last week. Lady Grace Baring paid the aerodrome a visit. Lord Carlow is frequently there, like his father, Lord Portarlington. Sir Alfred Beit, Mr. Rupert Belville, and Lt.-Commander Glen Kidston are other enthusiasts.

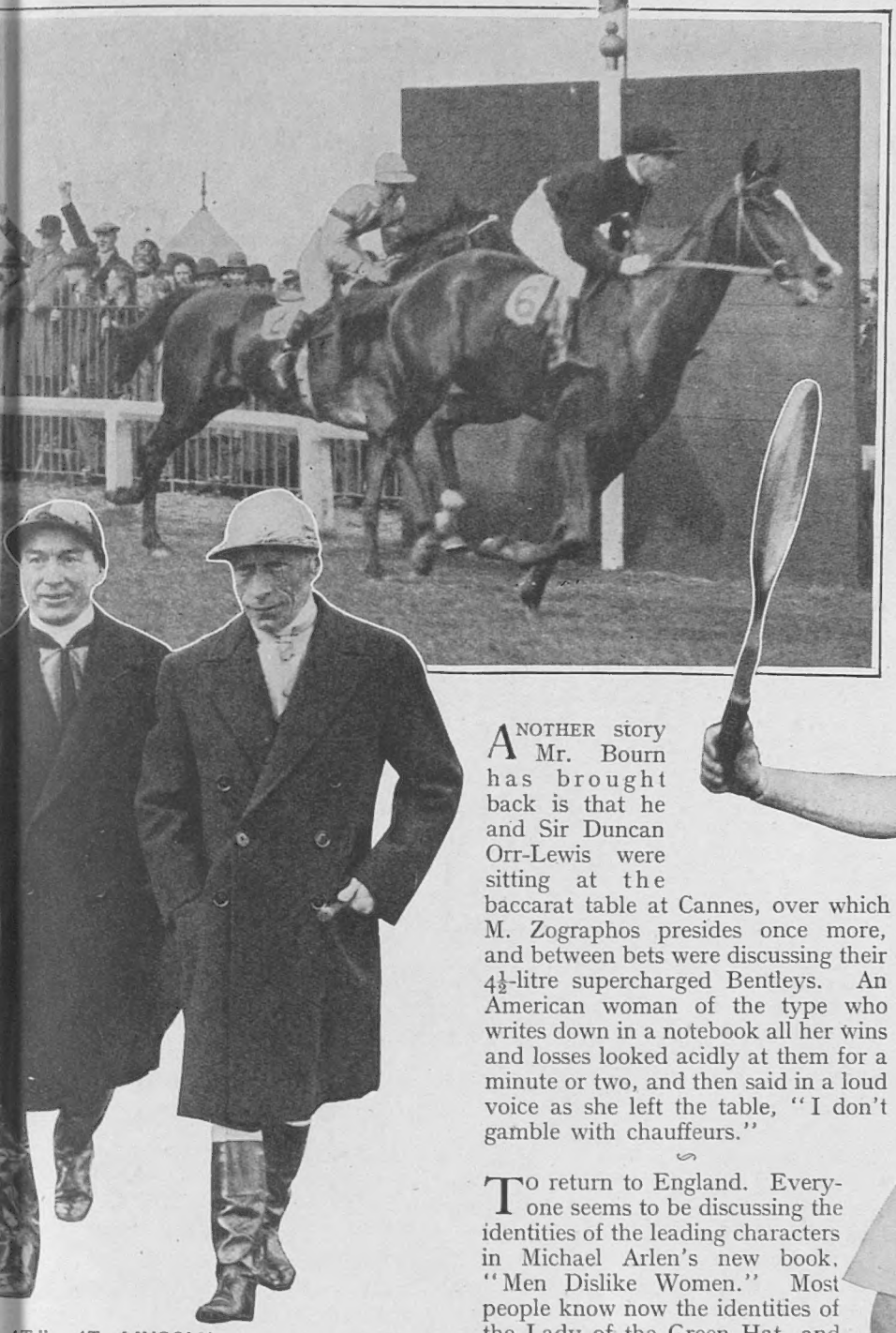
SWITZERLAND seems to be exerting a strong influence on a number of sporting celebrities. Last week Mr. Arthur Gilligan, Prince Duleepsinjhi, Captain Woolf Barnato, and Mr. Dale Bourn were all there, and the last two intend to return next week. Mr. Bourn has been telling his friends of an interesting bet that was made by M. Paul Dubonnet in connection with the Corniche Road. The husband of the former Mrs. Nash laid a bet that in his supercharged Mercédès he could give a Rolls-Royce ten minutes' start and a beating between Cannes and Monte Carlo, which Mr. Bourn visited before going on to Switzerland.

BACK TO L

The flat racing season started again made many backers look Lincoln " the season, won by Mr. A. Donn's Pi the Saddle on whom our hopes will (left), F. Lane, Steve Don

Point-to-Points have been coming into their own again of late, and meetings have been taking place all over the country. Above are seen Lady Dorothy Lygon, her eldest sister, Lady Lettice Cotterell, and Miss Diana Coventry watching the racing at the North Herefordshire Hunt Point-to-Point at Burley Gate, Hereford

LONDON'S LATEST DANCE TUNE



AT" AT LINCOLN

when the failure of more than a few favourites upper photograph shows the finish of the first race of (Sirett up), whilst below are seen four Knights of nd in the coming months. They are Michael Beary Freddie Fox, the champion jockey

Well, he lost 30,000 francs. He did the distance himself in thirty-seven minutes, but the Rolls-Royce did it in forty-three, so it won by four minutes on handicap. Actually, it was not a wise bet, for it amounted to the fact that M. Dubonnet was trying to give a 25 per cent. start, which, on the winding road, was far too much of a handicap for any driver, no matter how experienced, to concede when it was impossible to go "all out" as one can on a straight road.

ANOTHER story Mr. Bourn has brought back is that he and Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis were sitting at the baccarat table at Cannes, over which M. Zographos presides once more, and between bets were discussing their 4½-litre supercharged Bentleys. An American woman of the type who writes down in a notebook all her wins and losses looked acidly at them for a minute or two, and then said in a loud voice as she left the table, "I don't gamble with chauffeurs."

TO return to England. Everyone seems to be discussing the identities of the leading characters in Michael Arlen's new book, "Men Dislike Women." Most people know now the identities of the Lady of the Green Hat, and Lily Christine. But they are not yet sure of the new characters. By the same token, the originals of Miss Nancy Nutford's new book, "Highland Fling," have been guessed at with no little amusement during the past few days.

THE latest tune to capture London is "The Peanut Vendor." They are playing it everywhere—at the May Fair, at the Café de Paris, and at Ciro's. According to Dave Fitzgibbon and Jean Barry, who are dancing at the club now, it has started a new dance rhythm and dance steps which are the rage of New York. Since the departure of the Canadian band, by the way, Ciro's has become its old self once again.

SOMEHOW, until I saw them at Ifield Golf Course, near Crawley, I never associated either Jean Barry or Dave Fitzgibbon with anything less exotic than exhibition dancing at midnight. However, there they were playing golf at this charming little course, started by Sir John Drughorn, when I motored down one afternoon last week. It must be confessed that neither is exactly a scratch player, but they make up with enthusiasm what they yet lack in skill.

AFTER next week, when hunting is definitely over, they expect a big

Mrs. J. B. Pittman playing in the Ladies' Singles at the Belsize Park tournament, the first hard court event of the season. She has been asked to play in the Trial Tournament starting at Queen's Club on April 8, the object of which is to discover the most likely players for the Davis Cup and Wightman Cup matches

THE HUNTING SEASON IN RETROSPECT

Hay Wrightson

MISS HELEN WARD

The second daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Cyril Augustus Ward, M.V.O., R.N., and of the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward. Her marriage to Lord Stavordale, the son and heir of the Earl of Ilchester, will take place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on Friday, April 17

increase in the number of people taking flying instruction at Heston Aerodrome, to which I have already referred. It appears that the vast majority of the people who own private machines follow hounds. If you have good hands for the one, you are likely to be an apt pupil at the other. One could give any number of instances of this.

ON the whole, it has been a very good season. There have been less than the usual number of fatal falls, and, except for one period of ten days, there has been little snow. What will happen next year, however, goodness only knows. I believe nineteen packs are looking for new Masters, and it is not easy to find people ready to spend £6,000 a year on their sport alone. Probably more and more Americans will be able to put M.F.H. after their names. For better or worse, this seems the only solution.

THE best party of the year in Leicestershire was given the other night at Craven Lodge by the American, Mr. James Clarke. It was practically an all-night affair. Lord and Lady Carnarvon, the Duke of Gloucester, Lord and Lady Nunburnholme, Lady Dalkeith, and Lady Priscilla Willoughby were among the guests. This party will take its place beside Mr. Victor Emmanuel's at Rockingham Castle, and Mr. Reginald Wright's near Rugby.

THE most novel and welcome feature of the Golden Ball, which will be held at Dorchester House on May 5, is the dinner which will precede it and will be served at 9 o'clock in the ballroom, the price of which is included in that of the ball tickets. This solves a problem that so many dance hostesses have found a very trying one—the necessity of first entertaining to dinner in their own houses the guests who are invited to join their parties at the ball. Those who are bringing parties include Sir Clifford Cory, Lady Dance, Lady Kathleen Lindsay, Lady Moir, Miss Rosemary Northcroft, and Lady Nutting.

HEREDITY must count for a good deal, unless Lady Mary Cambridge is the finest child actress in the world. The way she impersonated her ancestress, Queen Victoria, at the Cambridge Theatre the other afternoon brought down the house, and I have never seen Queen Mary laugh so much before. The haughty manner with which she regarded her subjects at this Court Drawing Room, and the imperious tap with a fan whereby she signalled to the Prince Consort that she proposed to leave, were inimitable.

ONE of the most attractive of this season's debutantes will be Lady Patricia Hare, whose mother, Lady Listowel, gave a

Fox

Miss Ursula Birdwood, the daughter of Dr. T. G. Birdwood, and her fiancé, Mr R. D. Sims, of the Royal Marines, seen in the garden of her home at Walmer. She is a niece of Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, who was recently appointed Master of Peterhouse

ACTIVITIES ABROAD

Fox

Lord Lonsdale sitting to Sir John Lavery, R.A., whilst the latter puts the finishing touches to the portrait of the famous sportsman showing him in his Garter robes. Lady Lavery is seen in the foreground watching her husband at work in his studio

dance for her in Bryanston Square last week. Lord Listowel is abroad at the moment, so his son, Lord Ennismore, who passed through a phase of wishing to call himself Mr. Hare, but has recovered from it and once more raises no objection to the use of of his courtesy title, will act as host.

S

THIS dropping of titles has become quite widespread in the last few years. There is Lord Carbery, who likes a plain "Mr." There is Lady Passfield, who likes a plain "Mrs. Webb"—I often wonder whether her servants call her "her Ladyship" behind her back—and now Lord Russell, who with his wife wish to go on calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Russell, despite their elevation to the peerage. For a time, too, Lady Cynthia Mosley, whose husband nearly died of pneumonia the other day, also asserted that she disliked her style of "Lady Cynthia."

ROME expects a very gay Easter, I hear. Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd and Lord and Lady Sligo all expect to be there, as well as a number of young people who have heard that it is proposed to start a polo season there in the next few days. In the past there has been no polo in Italy—a fact greatly lamented by Italian cavalry officers, who had to go to Brioni to get any at all. Now that is all to be altered, and it would surprise no one if Italy produced a team that could compete with anyone at Meadowbrook or Hurlingham.

S

A FRIEND tells me that when on his way through Nice the other day, "on pleasure bent," as the saying has it, he saw a strange ceremony which shows that, in some ways at any rate, the Roman Catholic Church adapts itself to modern times. It was St. Christopher's Day, the Patron Saint of travellers, and in a square outside a church hundreds of cars of every description, from lorries, rattling little two-seaters to Rolls-Royces, were being blessed by the Bishop of Nice and a procession of clergy!

S

THE baccarat rooms at Cannes, by the way, are packed at the moment, and there is some pretty high play to be seen, also an immobile Greek who adds to the excitement by never batting an eyelid whether he wins or loses millions.

Hay Wrightson

MISS PEGGY PUXLEY

Whose engagement has been announced to Sir Hugh Nugent, Bart., of Ballinlough Castle, Co. Westmeath, and Windsor House, Lambourn, Berkshire. She is the elder daughter of the Rev. H. L. and Mrs. Puxley, of Woolley Park, Wantage

MISS STELLA PAULINE GARRARD Lenare

The youngest daughter of Capt. Lindsay Garrard, late 5th Dragoon Guards, and of Mrs. Garrard Her engagement has been announced to Mr. Geoffrey Russell Stafford Charles, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Charles, of Woodside House, Chenies, Bucks

"THE BYSTANDER" MIXED FOURSOME

By "Onlooker"

WHAT THE BYSTANDER may have done to annoy the Clerk of the Weather is a little hard to imagine. The gentleman in question does not perhaps do his very worst for the competition, since rain does not fall, but he is just biting, a horrible cynic, and, like most cynics, entirely unreliable. That was his mood last year at Moor Park, repeated this year at Stoke Poges. On the practice day players had been lulled into security and mere woollen cardigans. When the fateful day itself dawned the thickest leather was insufficient to keep out the cold. Some competitors cowered behind umbrellas, others put on fur gloves between the shots. Spectators might be seen with muffs which a few minutes before had done duty as motor rugs. It was all very well for the willows on the other side of the bridge to have a shimmer of spring over them, the only really reasonable thing about the countryside were the bunches of mistletoe which might still be seen hanging from the trees above the 12th green.

WE do not know Stoke Poges at this time of year. Ladies v. Men matches take us there on stuffy spring days, girls' championships on sweltering autumn ones. In March you may discover all sorts of new things about the course. You can, for instance, see Stoke Poges church from the 14th green, which sets one a-wondering whether any of Gray's "Elegy" would aptly describe your ruined card. You see for the first time in your golfing life that there is a little pond on the edge of the wood on the way to the 13th. It is a melancholy little pond.

If you ruined enough cards and thought sufficiently of Gray's "Elegy" you might go and drown yourself in it, only, as one competitor remarked as she passed the lake at the 16th, "Doesn't water look *cold* to-day?" However, away with all this melancholy, of which there was none during the competition—which surely speaks well for its popularity and the popularity of Stoke, since the cold was sufficient to freeze every ounce of enjoyment out of everybody.

THERE is something eminently soothing and satisfactory and settled about a competition in which a pro. and a lady (who may or may not have a considerable handicap) set out in partnership for the honour of their club.

Nobody wants to know when a tiger is not a tiger or who shall drive at which holes. The pros. without any questioning drive the odds from the beautiful black and yellow striped tiger tees; the ladies knowing their place and their limitations go meekly to the L.G.U. ones, though nobody can deny that they sometimes cast longing eyes at the ordinary men's tees, which in almost every case give so very much shorter carries.

IN a few cases the lady may be left to her own devices, but for the most part teacher and taught maintain their respective positions, and the lady takes directions humbly and does her best to carry them out. When she also refuses to be overcome by the solemnity of the occasion she certainly makes an excellent partner.

AND that was just what Mrs. Hutton achieved with W. Cox, as the result of which the magnificent silver trophy of mounted knights in mortal combat will decorate the Club House of Beaconsfield. The pair thoroughly deserved their win. They led the field at lunch time with 83—5=78. They went out in the afternoon every inch conquerors, and when they had something very like a debacle at the 10th they picked themselves up again and kept comparatively steady for the rest of the round, although the 18th hole did produce a nasty twin figure to match the 10th. One of their particularly bright holes both morning and afternoon was the 15th. They had a three there in the morning, and lipped the hole for the same in the afternoon.

VERULAM AND STOKE POGES DO BATTLE L.N.A.

Left to right: Abe Mitchell, H. Roberts, the professional of the Stoke Poges Club, Mrs. Mills, his partner, and Miss Horsfield. Both pairs were fancied at the start of the competition

L.N.A.

Abe Mitchell driving. He and his partner returned a score of 168

TROPHY AT STOKE POGES CLUB

L.N.A.

Miss P. Doran, who, with M. Daragon (South Lodge), who played at scratch, seen on the ninth green. Miss Doran is one of the best of our younger players

Sport and General

Mrs. Hutton and W. Cox, of Beaconsfield, who won the Challenge Trophy for the ensuing year with a net score of 159, photographed with the cups they won and beside the trophy. The joint runners-up were Bromley and Bickley, Frinton-on-Sea and Finchley with a score of 165

NOBODY ever really looked like catching them. Frinton's pair, Miss Plumpton and A. Tingey, were only one behind on the morning, so were Mrs. Stocks and George Gadd, of Roehampton, who had refused to be downhearted after a bad start. But both these pairs fell to bits in the afternoon and the spectators dropped back to see how the holders, Miss Horsfield and Abe Mitchell, were faring. News had gone round of their wonderful afternoon start, eight holes in 32, and up at the foot of the 9th green in two. Somehow a six arrived on their card for that 9th, and after that it was one long struggle against adversity, culminating in the lake at the 16th and the stream at the 17th. That meant equal 8th place for them.

FOURSOMES being the curious, uncertain things they are, it is not always the very biggest names which figure at the top of the list, nor the most famous clubs; a stimulating thought which means that nobody need be frightened though they do see such a name to conjure with as Abe Mitchell or Harry Vardon in the list of competitors. Vardon, as a matter of fact, like Archie Compston and a good many others amongst the topmost pros., were unable to get away to play at Stoke Poges. They might not have beaten Beaconsfield's aggregate; they might very well have been beaten themselves by the deceptive slopes of the greens, and particularly the hollows in front of them, which seemed to worry some of the pros. not a little. Stoke Poges is not a course very intimately known to them, and, with the wind racing behind, such approaches as that at the 12th needed ingenuity and perhaps not a little help as well from luck.

Sport and General

A short approach by Miss Horsfield (Verulam), who was partnered by Abe Mitchell They were the holders in 1929 and 1930

LUCK there was certainly none to help Miss Gourlay and Beale, who spent a busy afternoon holing out from three inches range, a process exhausting to the patience and not helpful to the score. A competition like this shows, though, what a number of pros. there are who hit the ball in a way to make a mere layman thoroughly envious, and how many coming-on young players there are amongst the ladies, who also have excellent swings, even if results may not always live up to appearances.

LADY ANNALY presented the prizes, the first sweep going to Merton Park, Miss Craig and J. Brown for their 78, and second to Purley Downs, Miss Lloyd and Johns, 80. A thoroughly successful competition.

Photopress

The Young Idea in the saddle. Thomas and Peregrine, the little sons of Lord and Lady Fairfax, out for their morning ride in the Row

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR, double-owe-four-three . . . hello . . . hello, is that you, Baa . . . how are you this morning? . . . I saw Lord Carisbrooke at the theatre recently; it is so nice to have him back with us again. . . . I thought he looked very well, and he told me that his wife is much better for her visit to Spain . . . but she will return home the end of next month. . . . I saw a most intriguing fashion at the Savoy the other night . . . mittens, my dear! . . . in two shades of blue silk . . . embroidered with diamanté . . . they were extraordinary, but really rather attractive. . . .

* * *

SABLE has returned to favour as an evening fur. . . . Lady Carnarvon had a lovely wide stole of it round her shoulders at the Embassy . . . and Violet Cripps . . . whom you will remember as the Duchess of Westminster . . . wore a red velvet coat trimmed with narrow sable bands . . . at Oliver Messel's party last week. . . . I put Violet Cripps in my category of unusual business proprietors . . . for she is the only Society hairdresser in London. . . . Lady (Hamilton) Grant is another on the list, for she, like Terry Weldon . . . Lady Weldon's youngest son . . . is a purveyor of soda water and soft drinks. . . .

* * *

THERE is much comment and speculation over a friendship between a very lovely and very rich young wife and a near-by neighbour who has many responsibilities. . . . If I had to choose two beautiful women and yet beautiful contrasts, I should select Mrs. George Metaxa . . . brunette, chic and witty . . . and her friend, Edith d'Erlanger . . . blonde, brilliant and charming . . . they should be painted together, for they are a perfect foil for each other. . . .

* * *

MICHAEL, one of the most attractive small boys in London, has manners as good as his looks . . . for his mother, Daisy Bendix, has taught him to kiss a lady's hand when he says how-do-you-do. . . . Daisy and Carl Bendix have a delightful house in New Cavendish Street and the most wonderful period home in the Leatherhead district. . . . Michael much prefers the latter, but . . . I imagine, more on account of the garden and his pony than of the old oak and antique treasures which delight his mother. . . .

* * *

DAISY is so sensible, for she is one of the few women who, having huge and magnificent cars, prefers, in London traffic, to use a two-seater Standard . . . it is really the only way to get anywhere in a hurry. . . . Princess George Imeretinsky has a small car for London, and generally drives herself . . . as does Lady Eleanor Smith . . . and Lady Scarsdale runs from Devonshire House to her shop in Duke Street in a young four-seater. . . .

I SAW Wanda Baillie-Hamilton the day after Balieff's Chauve-Souris. . . . Wanda was wearing a very smart brown tweed and a Paisley silk scarf, which is a change from the undying patchwork ones, of which I am heartily tired. . . .

* * *

I LOVE seeing rooms where people work, especially artists. . . . Oliver Messel's studio drew a great deal of praise and interest at his party from people who hadn't seen it before . . . but I assured them it was far more lovely when in its natural state . . . white walls . . . white lamps . . . white flowers, and the decoration of his strange masks. . . . Oswald Birley . . . the portrait painter . . . has a huge very tidy studio of pine panelling with green curtains and rather heavy furniture. . . . Cuthbert Orde, whose wife . . . who was Lady Eileen Wellesley . . . is an artist, too . . . has two studios, one of which is a workshop in the real sense of the word . . . no comfortable sofas . . . no decoration save his pictures, finished and unfinished, propped against the walls . . . the other studio, where Lady Eileen works, is also used as a sitting room . . . but even there one finds stacks of drawings, water-colours, etc. . . . it is, somehow, what one expects the word studio to express. . . .

* * *

I THINK Mrs. David Tennant . . . whom we know better as Hermione Baddeley, is a most vital personality, and she has the courage to dress to please herself in the bright colours which so ably express her. . . . The other day I found her in the most brilliant scarlet . . . her hat pushed back to show where her hair grows in an enviable "widow's peek." . . . Talking of hair, I hardly recognised Joan Barry now they have altered her golden hair for the films . . . but she is still as lovely. . . . Diana Wynyard, who is here, there and everywhere, has also altered her hair; she wears it held quite straight back from her forehead and ears to burst into a bunch of curls on the nape of her neck. . . . Another of our younger actresses, of whom you may be sure we shall hear more later, and another Diana . . . is Diana Beaumont. . . . I met her looking radiant in white satin and black fox at the Café Anglais, and she told me she is doing film work at the moment. . . . Darling I must fly to fit my new Easter hat . . . it is straw fit for a halo. . . . Good-bye.

THREE LEADERS IN VARIED MOMENTS

Central Press

Mr. Stanley Baldwin speaking at the ceremony of unveiling the memorial to the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, which has been erected at Carlton House Terrace, close to where the deceased statesman lived

Barratts

The critical hour? Mr. Lloyd George, accompanied by Col. Tweed, leaving the central office after a meeting of Liberal leaders. The ex-Premier's efforts to keep the Socialist Government in power has cost his party thousands of votes at by-elections, and his determination to continue this policy appears likely to split the party completely

I. B.

Mr. Winston Churchill speaking at the Indian Empire Society's meeting at the Royal Albert Hall, where his protest against the weakness displayed in Indian affairs was enthusiastically endorsed by the large audience

Photopress

The statue of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, unveiled on the sixth anniversary of his death. He was described by Mr. Baldwin as a man of manifold gifts who dedicated himself unflinchingly, unselfishly and ceaselessly to the service of his generation

Topical

Archie Compston (left), Ernest Whitcombe and Charles Whitcombe watching Harry Vardon putting on the first green at Meyrick Park during the Bournemouth Golf Tournament. In a thirty-six holes four-ball match the Whitcombe brothers beat Compston and Vardon by 6 and 5

ROSIE BACK ON PROSPERITY

I FEEL I must write to you about this BACK TO PROSPERITY MOVEMENT which we read so much about in the newspapers now. Naturally, I'm awfully interested in PROSPERITY, and I think it's up to the women of England to do everything they can to help it come back faster. I have just been reading that "*goods and commodities are priced so low at the moment you cannot buy more thriftily*," and it occurs to me that we women can do a great deal for the Empire and everything in this connection just now, and I have been trying to work out a plan. My plan is for *women to go out more* and so *help men to spend more money*, because it's no fun spending money alone, so if we women go out and help we shall be the incentive to a great reprisal of prosperity, if you understand what I mean.

OF course, we are up against a big thing, and I've no doubt there will be lots of ditches and obstacles and things, and one of the biggest will be what they call the *sense of economics in man*, which really means when he doesn't want to spend anything, at all, doesn't it? But that's what we've got to fight; we've got to overcome this great barrier between ourselves—that is, *the nation*, of course—and our *prosperity*. Although the path to success will be paved with pitfalls and things, we women who made sacrifices in the War—though, of course, I wasn't old enough to do very many—must be prepared to make some more now, so we can march forward shoulder to shoulder, and that brings me to one of the first points in my plan; I mean the idea of a girl meeting a man in the foyer of a theatre before the show is all wrong. No, a man should come to the girl's home, or if she has no home then a rendezvous, and from there they should take a taxi and go and dine, for then the taxi-drivers get the money and spend it, and the waiters get the money and spend, and like that *you get prosperity*.

A MAN should always bring a flower, too, because agriculture is in a bad way, and everything should be done to help that, too. Of course, I know many men will bring flowers of their own accord, but there are a lot who need encouragement, because often a man doesn't know what to do in certain circumstances, particularly if circumstances come into conflict with *his sense of economics*, and then I think it's up to us women to help him. Lots of men coming out of the African Bush and things have their economics rather mixed, and expect to get what they want at *jungle prices*, which is absurd, and it's up to us *women of Britain* to help them and *bring them back to prosperity*.

I HAVE often found that just because men are the *stronger sex* it does not mean that they always know how to use their strength properly, and it's often wisest to tell them, not directly, of course, but with playful little suggestions for instance, because it's sometimes wonderful how a man will *respond to ideas*. I mean if a girl is fond of a certain kind of flower, or colour, or fur, or any little thing, she ought to say so, because *nature abhors a vacuum*, and you'll never get prosperity that way.

I don't think men are intentionally obstinate about their *economics*, they just forget, so perhaps that's why women have been given good memories. One of the best ways I have for *advancing our plan for prosperity* is just to pretend that men have no *sense of economics* at all, in fact, to pretend just the reverse, in fact, to pretend they are extremely generous, for once you have a nice idea about somebody it makes it awfully difficult to contradict.

I WAS dining with a friend the other night and if you are not awfully careful he is one of those men who'll almost forget to order anything at all; they're so keen about their *economics;* the sort our grandparents would have called "half-bottle men." Edward is just one of those men who have no sense of entertainment, he will sit, and sit, and stare, and when you ask him what the matter is he'll mutter something about "drinking in your beauty." Well, that's all very well, but what is a girl to do if she does not want to die of hunger and thirst? And, of course, it's absolutely no good for *prosperity*. No, when you dine with Edward or anyone else who has *fixed ideas about economics* you just have to start straight in and say: "Well, Edward, as you always insist on champagne, this time I won't say no. I'm going to drain my glass as fast as they fill it, just to show you I can enjoy it as much as you if I try. This time I'll be unselfish, darling, so you can order a magnum."

Of course, I am not asking men to be extravagant, I wouldn't mind drinking water in certain circumstances, but there are some people who just don't appreciate anything unless you gild the lily as it were.

PARIS is really the only place where they understand *prosperity*. I don't mean the Frenchman, he never has *prosperity* unless it happens to belong to somebody else, but the English and the Americans, and everybody else at the Ritz, that's where you find *prosperity*. I suppose it is that girls over there have a certain charm, a certain something about them which *makes men want to have prosperity all the time*. So my plan is for the Government to subsidise training camps in Paris for the *women of Britain* so we could go over there and learn everything and come back to teach the men the *way back to prosperity*. Don't you think it's a grand idea?

MOTHER (to little girl sent to her bedroom in disgrace): "Are you a good girl yet, Mabel?"

Mabel: "No, mother. I'll ring when I am!"

BY A. GELLI

"That reminds me, Horace, you need some new undervests"

If Gossip

THERE are some people who can never give their political opponents credit for anything. But only a quarter-wit or a person deliberately enveloped in a miasma of prejudice could deny Lord Beaverbrook his sincerity. Whether or not you are an Empire Free Trader you cannot honestly say that he is not fervidly sincere in his political activities when once you have talked to him about them, or seen him on a platform holding an awkward meeting together by the sheer force of his personality. He has a mission. He believes in that mission with a devotion that is wholly fanatical. A fanatic without a sense of humour is a danger. A fanatic with a sense of humour is an extreme rarity. Lord Beaverbrook is that rarity. He has a sense of humour. Sometimes, perhaps, a shade too much.

THERE are also people who cannot think that anyone does anything, or possibly could do anything, without some ulterior motive or some axe to grind hidden in the background. Now that the storm and stress of the St. George's election are over, one may, I think and know, dismiss the possibility of Lord Beaverbrook having had any share in the struggle except with the idea of helping to victory the cause in which he believes. He may be a fighter and take an interest in a fight for its own sake. Nevertheless, these by-elections cannot be much fun for any fighter, particularly for a fighter whose physical constitution is not of the strongest, and whose health for years has been a matter of some anxiety. Yet I am convinced that Lord Beaverbrook will plunge into the fray again. Right or wrong, he is something of a marvel.

FOUR hosts assisted towards the further preliminary explanation of the vast Amateur Boxing Tournament in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic, of which I told you something last week. These were Harry Preston (of course, he has to be a host at most sporting lunches, and is usually a host in himself), Wing-Commander Louis Greig, his brother, Arthur Greig, and Col. Stewart-Richardson. Admiral Mark Kerr told us in his speech of an extraordinary instance of pre-natal influence. He knew of a girl who had to undergo an operation and who, when under the anæsthetic, spouted extracts from Coethe in glib German with a perfect accent. When she came to she confessed that she did not know a word of German, nor did she. But it transpired that three months before she was born her mother, a good German scholar, was in the habit of reciting these very passages. "Re-markable," as Jingle would say. And also an uncommonly tricky way of learning languages, if one is clever enough to contrive it.

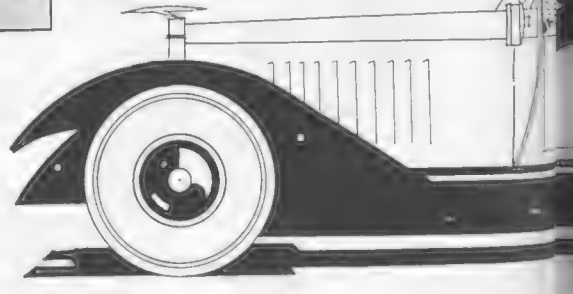
D. Stuart

Some of Alfred Jackson's dancing troupe at the Beach Pool at Monte Carlo, where they are giving a season at the Casino. English dancing troupes are very popular on the Continent, being far and away the best dancers, and are usually both pretty and vivacious into the bargain

Stage Photo Co.

A few of the chorus of "Stand Up and Sing," the new musical play at the Hippodrome, which is proving very much to the taste of the play-going public. Their team work is excellent, and the whole show goes with a swing from beginning to end

SOME weeks ago I raised the question of Socialist, and even Communist, propaganda on the part of the B.B.C. This has now been followed (not, presumably, a case of cause and effect) by a hullabaloo about it in the House of Lords and in the House of Com-



By Jack Greenall

"What a lovely car! Is it yours, Harold?"

"Well, considering the fact that I owe thirty instalments, two repair bills and have not yet paid for a new tyre, I don't think it is!"

We Must

mons on the same day. Lord Radnor traced in his accusations the assistance given by the B.B.C. and its magazine to the Labour Party and its journal. He also mentioned, as I did, the talks on Russia by Mr. Maurice Dobb. According to Mr. Dobb, whose talk I happen to have heard, everything in Russia is marvellous, and that unhappy country is a perfect paradise. That Mr. Dobb should hold these views is perhaps not surprising, in view of his connection with the *Daily Worker*, which is in the pocket of the Soviet.

VERA PEARCE Sasha

One of the principals in "Stand Up and Sing" at the Hippodrome. She is one of the successes of the show, and the comic dance she does with Jack Buchanan brings down the house with a regularity as unfailing as it is deserved

OF course Lord Ponsonby, as a Socialist Peer, pooh-poohed these accusations, and Lord Gainford, as a B.B.C. Director, defended them. The plea that Mr. Dobb could not possibly be a dangerous or pro-Soviet person because he is a reader in economics at Cambridge was the silliest of all. Why is anyone, peer or commoner, foolish enough to imagine that as much pestilential nonsense cannot come out of Cambridge as from any other place?

THE first night of the Cochran revue drew together a vast number of well-known people, and if the general opinion on that occasion was that the revue itself was not quite up to standard, the audience certainly was. It is only at Covent Garden on a "big" night or at the Diaghileff Ballet (now, alas! dispersed, never to come together again) that I have seen so smart a crowd. One has to fight and push and struggle in the intervals, for the London Pavilion is not well provided with lounge room, and was not built for social functions by a very long chalk.

THERE were many very pretty women—Lady Ashley, Lady Castlerosse, Evelyn Laye, who was in the Cochrans' box, Mimi Crawford, Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, who is Lord Beaverbrook's sister-in-law, Mrs. d'Erlanger, who was, perhaps, better known as Edyth Baker, and Lady Headfort being in the front rank in this respect, in addition to many others.

SPRING SONG: 1931

According to a contemporary, the worries and stress of modern life make a true appreciation of the calm beauties of Nature almost impossible.

GOLD-CRESTED daffodils stretch up to greet
The fleecy clouds that sail in seas of blue,
And in the forest glade life wakes anew
When Spring comes tripping by on dewy feet
To sing of cruel Winter's new defeat.
A whisper steals across the shining mere
And murmurs tenderly, "Come, tell me, dear,
"Will Gandhi's victory soon be complete?"

The hedgerows now with primroses are gay—
Soft, yellow stars that from the thickets gleam
Close by the willows bowing to the stream
Which laughs and chuckles through the sunny day,
As in our fancy now it seems to say,
"Come, friend, this riddle solve I beg of you.
"And to my question give an answer true—
"What's wrong with Betty's tennis, anyway?"

The pangs of Winter were not borne in vain
Now Earth puts on her robes of verdant green.
And on the hills and in the vales is seen
The shining beauty of her fairy train
Forgotten now are all our cares and pain,
Except one thought that haunts us day and night
To cast a shadow on our bright delight—
"Will Snowden raise our Income Tax again?"

B. W.

With a few notable exceptions London clubs are doing none too well nowadays. Indeed, it seems as if the younger generation are dropping English clubs and taking up the Indian variety which, as Mrs. Poskett, wife of the immortal "Magistrate," once remarked, are good for the liver, while the others are not. Clubs, nowadays, unless happily circumstanced, cannot keep on the right side financially unless, in addition to a big membership, members spend money there.

St. Patrick's Day seems rather a long way in the past by the time Easter comes round. I wonder whether, by the time St. Patrick's Day is with us again, all the people without a saltspoonful of Irish blood in their veins, who wear bunches of shamrock on March 17, will decide to drop the habit. Of course, it does no one any harm. As an Englishman (pure, I hope, but not simple) I admire the inscrutable attraction that exists in this posing as Irish, considering that I have never yet met any non-Englishman who wears a rose on St. George's Day and plenty of Englishmen who do not wear one either. But the wearing of shamrock may become a little ludicrous. After the dinner and dance of the Irish Club, where Lord Darling was in good form and Lord Hailsham did not advocate that political opponents should be shot like mad dogs, I went to the Savoy for supper. At a table near by was an Indian gentleman with a sprig of shamrock in his mauve silk turban. Who he was is a mystery. Perhaps we had the honour of the presence of the MacGillycuddy of Baroda or Mr. O'Gandhi or the Gaekwar of Kilkenny.

The Boat Race was quite an exciting tussle from where I saw it, though I have heard sundry opinions to the effect that it was dull. The company on these occasions is rather important, and I have known even a Lord Mayor's Show interesting when you are in the right window with the right people and with the right refreshments near at hand. I spent an interesting morning a few days before the race going over the course in a motor boat. It took far less time to get from Putney to Mortlake than it took to get to that motor boat from Putney Bridge Station. That was because I took a Putney taxi. The driver did not know where the boat-houses were, and when he reached them, under my direction, he did not know which was "Bossy" Phelps's, surely the most famous of them all. I told him he had better ask. This was declared to be "unreasonable," and a few firm words drew from him the remark, "Some of you people think that we cabmen are there simply for your own convenience." If a cab is not for

I.B. and Keystone

FROM POPULARITY TO THE PAVEMENT

Above are seen two characters, well-known in the past, who, owing to misfortune, have now turned to selling newspapers in the street to made a living. The upper photograph shows Jimmie Holmes, a former jockey, who rode several winners at Leicester and had ninety-eight winners to his credit in one season in Germany before increasing weight drove him from the saddle, selling newspapers outside the Mansion House. The lower photograph shows Mme. Thérèse Abadie, the former Paris stage star, at her pitch outside Saint-Lazare station in Paris

Sasha

Edith Day, who will shortly appear in the English production of the Ziegfeld song and dance show, "Smiles," in which the Astaires are making a big hit in New York. She will forsake her prima donna type of rôles and play the comedienne part taken by Adele Astaire in the American show, the music of which was by Vincent Youmans

Stage Photo Co.

A scene from "Naughty Cinderella" at the Comedy Theatre, showing Chouchou Mellaire (Irene Russell), Jacques (Albert Brouett), a general factotum, and Bill Smith (Charles Farrell), an American "pug," in a scene in the last act of this very French, French farce

the convenience of the person who hires it, for whose is it?

IN the pre-War years there used to be an excellent spot known as the German Athenæum Club; 1914 swiftly put an end to that. Some members changed a club armchair for quarters at the Isle of Man or in the Alexandra Palace; others changed their names to Stewart and O'Brien, and so forth. But it filled a want, and the War is sufficiently distant for the establishment of an Anglo-German Club in London to be welcomed. This has Col. the Master of Sempill as a joint director, and Lord D'Abernon, Col. Wilfrid Ashley, Sir John Lavery, Sir Oliver Lodge, Einstein, Dr. Sthamer (late German Ambassador) and all sorts of distinguished Oberburgmeisters, Reichministers, and Oberregierungsrats as patrons.

By Frank Ford

"Genuine Queen Anne, sir. Note the legs"
"Ah, yes, but, you see, I never knew the Queen!"

THE object of the club is to foster friendship and understanding between British and German nationalities, to provide a sociable non-political meeting-place for gentlemen of both countries, and, what is most useful, to furnish British members with introductions, references, and assistance when visiting Germany. Only the most stick-in-the-mud die-hards will see any harm in this or wish to keep alive for ever events that have long passed.

THE days are not yet ripe for an Anglo-German alliance; perhaps it will never come, though, certainly, many see in it a useful bulwark against Bolshevism. But I know that most Germans nowadays are friendly and intelligent people, and that an Englishman receives far more courtesy and pleasant looks in Berlin than he does in Paris. This may be an awkward and an unpalatable fact. But fact it is, and one cannot get away from it.

Senor Amletto Battisti, the famous mathematician of Uruguay, who is banker at the baccarat "Big Table" at the Palais de la Mediterranée at Nice, enjoying a little fresh air between sessions. He represents a syndicate that is as influential as the Greek Syndicate, and is the only man in practical gambling to lose large sums of money to test a theory of recurrence. Two seasons ago, while banker at Biarritz, he lost twenty-seven million francs in ten days

"The Truth About Women"

Do not fail to read, on pages 37 and 38, the outspoken article written by Daphne du Maurier which she has contributed to the discussion on "The Truth About Women." This series has created great interest and will be continued in future numbers by other well-known writers.

DRESS AND THE WOMAN

With the reversion to femininity in dress and all it implies—the flower coyly placed at the breast, the wreath of small blooms demurely encircling the hat, and the long, fluffy skirts—we appear to be in danger of being surfeited by the "sweet woman" type. For clothes really decide our behaviour. It may be that manners maketh the man, but quite certainly dress maketh the manners. That is why, with the coming of the curl, it is no longer fashionable to be hoydenish and masculine. Many women are giving up smoking and find cocktails "do not agree with them," but delicately sip an amber sherry instead. Such are the subtle undercurrents by which an epoch-making change in fashion is made manifest!

In order that we should not entirely "go feminine," the tailored suit has returned to favour. But there is a daintiness, charm and freshness that lifts the 1931 model from any of its predecessors, and a colour contrast is the very soul of the favourite's return. Very intriguing are the little jackets that directly contrast with the skirt with which they are worn, and with an alternating colour scheme make an economical appeal most suitable in this year of grace.

The return of the tailor suit should be hailed with delight particularly by the Englishwoman, for it is her national garb. True, she can seldom touch the perfection of tailored chic achieved by the Austrian woman, who is the world's best dresser of this type; still, she attains instead a careless, healthy, casual smartness, admirable in its way and characteristic to a degree. To accompany the suit we have been shown some adorable little blouses of the tunic or belted over-blouse variety, which is newer and more generally becoming than the tuck-in. The over-blouses are shaped to the figure and fit over the hips. (No! you cannot get away with those you have had by you. These are differently shaped.) Sometimes they have cut-away fronts, sometimes tie ends, or sometimes are gilets pure and simple. Nothing is more delightful than to pull off a coat and disclose a fresh, short-sleeved blouse in crisp muslin or softly tailored piqué, a washing satin or crêpe de Chine, or one of the new striped cottons. They add such an infinite variety to the practical and economical suit that we cannot do better than fall for such a fashion right away.

Black crêpe de Chine faced with white composes this summer suit from Molyneux. Worn with a white belted blouse, it is trimmed with an edging of tiny flowers cut out of the same material *Model Molyneux*

While there are long coats being shown of the collarless kind, it is the day of the little jacket suit. These are so young, and cut in so many different styles, that one or other of them will suit every figure. There is the loose sac favoured by Molyneux, who also shows the close-fitting belted kind, often with pockets above and below the belt; the classic single-breasted style with a tendency to a shorter waist in front; the short double-breasted style, the one with a belt and flaring peplum, and the simple belted cardigan.

The salient feature is that the coats are in direct contrast to the skirts. With a black or a navy skirt, a diagonal stripe on a white coat may be worn with a white blouse; two shades of brown are shown, red with sand or green with white. Often a third colour is introduced, and plaids are another gay alternative. Always the light coat is worn with a dark skirt or (more occasionally) vice versa, which immediately opens up a charming vista for our spring and summer toilettes, requiring taste and judgment in the key colouring. Long coats also afford contrasts, and a light one may be worn over a dark frock or one of another colour. So let us cheer our drooping spirits by bright, colourful, fresh effects in which to greet the new season.

An amusing novelty to adorn our blouses or bathing dresses has been evolved by Jane Regny which is well worth

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

mentioning. She shows how one may choose a marine alphabet and, by embroidering flags representing initials taken from the nautical code, work our own into them. Thus with red, white and blue, so fashionable a combination of colours this year, we may record our initials in a row of tiny flags, nailing our colours to the mast, so to speak. Delightfully original, it is a decorative touch with a definite and useful purpose.

BROWN is a colour that is being persistently shown this spring, used with pale and turquoise blue, with which it blends admirably. Worth mingles it with pastel shades and green as a relief. It can be worn with great success by those whom the colour suits, both for day and evening. Brown gloves are worn in the evening, the newest kind being pin-tucked in bands at intervals and worn above the elbow or falling loosely in a wider, gauntlet-shape to reach below it. The vogue for the bright-coloured glove was not approved by the woman of taste, and it was therefore regarded as a short-lived eccentricity.

THE hem of one's garment is a point of great interest at the moment, both as to how far it may be raised from the ground and how much fullness it can reasonably (or the reverse) be expected to contain. For, having decided to leave well alone in the way of the charmingly draped corsage and the slim hip, it is rather natural that the hem width should be of increasing interest. Always it is very full. Even our tailor-mades and afternoon frocks are gored or pleated to achieve this fullness, but our evening frocks and pyjamas du soir run to voluminous widths. In order that they may also gain a suggestion of lightness, there are many bright ideas evolved. Molyneux makes a most original one, and gives his light, lacy frocks a great transparency from the knee downwards by having a short underskirt—even if this *does* rather give the effect that one had wandered out without one's slip!

An exquisite evening gown of pale rose satin with fullness gathered into the low-placed flounce. A touch of lightness is afforded by the shoulder straps of delicate pink flowers *Model Louiseboulanger*

MANY skirts are slit up from hem to knee (Worth does this to some pyjamas du soir) so that a long skirt need not make one feel restricted in any way, and the possessor of a slim leg and ankle can still show it to advantage by a little subtle manœuvring. Afternoon frocks of chiffon or crêpe have hems cut up to some 4 or 5 inches until they give an almost ragged effect. This is further enhanced by flower petals and leaves being cut out and appliquéd on, leaving loose, feathery ends

CLEMENCE DANE ON THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE

Whose new book, "First Athenian Memories," comes as a welcome sequel to his "Gallipoli Memories"

A LIBRARY list must needs be an incongruous affair. The selections of the Book Society this month include, for instance, such unsuitable neighbours as a set of very charming drawings of children, *Important People*, by J. H. Dowd, and Winston Churchill's historical survey, *The World Crisis*, 1911-1918, in one volume, for this huge undertaking has been abridged and rewritten, and a chapter added on the Battle of the Marne. The list also includes a tale of Portuguese adventurers in the sixteenth century—a dreadful flash of imagination, set down with mastery, called *Four Handsome Negresses*. Then there is a grave historical novel by Joseph Hergesheimer dealing with the birth of modern America called *The Limestone Tree*; a sequel to *Gallipoli Memories*, by Compton Mackenzie; a novel with a country setting by "Elizabeth"; and finally, the choice of the month—novel, farce, satire, whatever you choose to call it—*Juan in America*, by Eric Linklater.

With reading, as with everything else, criticism is really a question of justifying what you like. I like laughing, and so I like best the uproarious *Juan in America*, the quieter humour of Elizabeth's novel, *Father*, and *First Athenian Memories*, with its Alice-through-the-looking-glass spurts of fun.

IT must be confessed that Don Juan begins dully; indeed, the author himself is aware of this, for there is a most fair-minded warning directly after the dedication to the effect that only a fool would start the novel before page sixty-three. Yet the prologue serves its purpose, for it explains the hero.

You'll remember that Byron's *Don Juan* breaks off just at the beginning of an encounter with a family spook, who turns out, however, to be less alarming than Don Juan expected.

"The ghost, if ghost it were, seem'd a sweet soul
As ever lurk'd beneath a holy hood:
A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
Forth into something much like flesh and blood;
Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
And they reveal'd—alas! that e'er they should!
In full, voluptuous, but not o'ergrown bulk
The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fulke!"

MR. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Whose historical novel, "The Limestone Tree," is one of the Book Society's choices for the month

THE consequence of ghost-hunting is a son, who has dull enough descendants for nearly a century. But in 1905 the new Don Juan is born, and after youthful exploits not unlike those of his forebear is sent by his parents to America. At that point his real adventures begin.

The result is one of the most original novels I have read for years—shrewd, wildly funny, high-spirited, riotous, ridiculous, coarse—for Juan's America is an America of high farce. Yet the book, though crazy, is nearly always credible, and always funny. Indeed, looking back, it is only difficult to decide which scene made me laugh most. I think it was the football match, or else the voyage down the Mississippi on the mule. The book has only one real fault: its end is abrupt and uncaused. The reader feels that he has not seen nearly enough of Juan and is left asserting angrily: "There'll have to be a sequel."

MUCH more civilised, much drier, much quieter are the recollections of Compton Mackenzie; yet they, too, have a fantastic quality. If *Juan* invites the adjective "Rabelaisian," *First Athenian Memories* inevitably leads to quotations from *Alice*. The book, which chronicles the author's experiences in Athens as a Secret Service man, is, of course, fundamentally serious. Mr. Mackenzie neither forgets nor lets the reader forget that he is writing of the most tragic years in modern history. Nevertheless, he cannot lose his sense of humour any more than he can lose his sense of beauty or of character.

And so it comes to pass that, war or no war, his descriptions of a Mediterranean ink-pot, a Maltese spy, an unpopular diplomat, a demand for medicine, a discussion on pyjamas, a concealed stenographer taking down notes in circumstances of peculiar difficulty are as funny as Lewis Carrol. This, I suppose, because his immediate superior, "V." was obviously the *White Knight*. V. enthusiastic, V. worried, V. plotting in the cemetery, V. dealing with an unwanted shilling, V. trying to get rid of a subordinate without hurting his feelings—V. belongs to *Wonderland*.

BUT pleasantest of the three books in its humour is "Elizabeth's" delightful new novel, *Father*. Charm, wit, a puckish sense of fun, a civilised love of Nature—out of these qualities "Elizabeth" creates her novels. Yet though her characters are carefully drawn and her slight plots ingenious, her stories have always been a little spoiled, for me, at any rate, by the regular introduction of three figures, one a swollen tyrant, one an obstinate martyr, and one a thick-witted bore. "Elizabeth" writes of all three funnily, but while she clearly has intense sympathy for her martyr, she generally draws her bore and her tyrant with a ferocity that actually disconcerts the reader.

Bottom, rolling at ease on the bank where wild thyme grows, is still acceptable, even though he crushes the oxlips and nodding violets. But "Elizabeth's" monsters of selfish stupidity are Pope and Pagan growling over virgin bones. The husbands in *Vera* and *The Caravanners*, the clergyman in *The Pastor's Wife*, even the patting Professor in that most delightful of her books, *Elizabeth in Rügen*, turn midsummer night's dreams into nightmares.

IN *Father*, however, 'Elizabeth" is for the first time merciful to her tyrant and her bore, and for the first time does not feel it necessary to champion her martyr. The figures are there, but they are not italicised. It is quite amazing how the book gains by this restraint. It is a charming story, believable, funny, human, intensely enjoyable; one of those lovable books which one does not feel inclined to criticise. It may have faults and flaws. Who cares? The important thing is that Jen and James are adorable.

JUST LIKE GRANDMAMMA!

A Bachelor's Den . .

. . . by Sir James Barrie

The following Imperial quotation is taken from "My Lady Nicotine."

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair; the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib, and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others. No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

SIR J. M. BARRIE says . . "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

Craven

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Photo: Stage Photo Co.

ANNA NEAGLE

London's new leading lady in musical comedy as she appears in one of the scenes from that undoubted winner, "Stand Up and Sing," playing to capacity at the London Hippodrome. This is her first appearance in the West End in a principal part, and her undoubted talent and charm are deserving of one which gives her still greater chances

A LOVE ROMANCE ON THE

In an attempt to bridge the chasms, the aftermath of the avalanche, a guide descends a mighty crevasse. A scene from "Avalanche," a wonderfully spectacular talkie to be shown in London shortly

The Vallot hut on the summit of Mont Blanc lonely Observer keeps his

Leni [illegible] pays a visit [illegible] whose acquaintance [illegible] receiving his weather [illegible] Inset: Leni Riefenstahl, [illegible] seen at work in [illegible]

SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

at a height of nearly 16,000 feet, where the vigil above the clouds

ahl
he Observer,
st makes through
from Mont Blanc.
ronomical student, is
tain observatory

The Observer (Sepp Rist) welcomes his visitor, Ernst Udet, the famous flying ace, who braves the flight over the mountain-peaks to exchange news. A scene in "Avalanche," directed by Dr. Arnold Fanck

"The Circle"

An all-round success

Clive Champion-Cheney (Nigel Playfair), meeting his runaway wife (Athene Seyler) after a lapse of years, betrays no ill-feeling while talking over old times in the presence of their son (Frank Vosper), thus proving himself "a nice old gentleman for a small tea-party"

The revival of Somerset Maugham's cynical comedy, "The Circle," at the Vaudeville Theatre, is proving much to the public taste. It is brilliantly acted by a clever company, including Celia Johnson (seen above) as Elizabeth, the young wife who followed in her mother-in-law's "flighty" footsteps, a part played by Fay Compton when "The Circle" was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre

Photos: Stage Photo Co.

The amusing bridge scene in the first act. Seen above, from left to right, are Clive Champion-Cheney (Nigel Playfair), Edward Luton (Peter Hannen), Lord Porteous (Allan Aynesworth), Mrs. Shenstone (Violet Campbell), and Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney (Athene Seyler)

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Affairs of Men

By John Hastings Turner

HATE is a queer thing You can measure love—more or less; its manifestations are legal tender, so to speak. We are not really ashamed of being found kissing our wives, or anyone else's. The thing is acknowledged to be part of our outfit as human animals. We pretend to be embarrassed, but we aren't. Not really. We subtly flatter ourselves that we are expressing a normal, healthy emotion; that we are good animals, in fact.

But Hate is different. Hate is deeper and, necessarily, utterly furtive. Hate isn't "good form." It isn't done. Yet, as a driving force, it has more power than love. Or else it is that, being unable to be expressed, it feeds on itself and grows monstrous. . . .

Illustrated by JOHN PIMLOT

And so we come to the case of Mr. and Mrs. Tarker-Welling. She was a little fluffy-headed snob—which accounted for the hyphen. But there was no other vice in her: unless you count a desire for fun and a lack of enthusiasm about babies a vice. Certainly her mother-in-law—stark and saintly Mrs. Welling—found it so, and anything else about Edna which she could get hold of. She died, after the marriage was five years old, with all the comforts of the Church and of her own certainty that she had always been right. Her death was a blessing, but it came too late. Her son, who had married a baby face crowned with riotous gold, was already persuaded that he was handcuffed to an empty-headed little bundle of vanities.

"A LITTLE bit of fluff" Mrs. Welling had called her, in that metallic and inhuman voice which had never softened even upon her death-bed . . . even when she took the sacrament. And Edna certainly was unfortunate enough to look the part. Yet, if she had had the chance. . . .

But perhaps it is unfair to expect John Welling to have explored possibilities which lay beneath the surface. He wasn't that kind of man. And so he got to the point where men sit after dinner pretending to read the paper and thinking about the wife they should have had. The wife who would have helped them on in business, and produced two sons and a daughter at proper intervals, and would not always be spending money on flowers for the table and rubbish like that. . . .

Not that Edna was extravagant. She hated debts and never contracted them. But the things she liked to buy were not the things that John thought of importance. And behind it all lay Mrs. Welling, in her coffin, but still a memory. Still able to bring to John's mind the things she had said in life, those terribly "right" things, about help-mates, and a woman's place in the home, and Life being real and earnest, and all the rest of it. Don't think I'm saying that's all nonsense. I'm not. But if it's to be all pills and no jam, then human nature is such that something's going to give. We're a damn sight lower than the angels than some people like to think. And I knew John Welling and Edna, too. And if only someone with even a modicum of sense of proportion could have got hold of those two, the thing that happened, which is one of the most ghastly businesses I've ever struck, would never have been.

I USED to dine there every now and then, and—to be frank—it wasn't a pleasant evening. I'm no subtle psycho-analyst (there's too much of that kind of poison, I think)—but I began to see that John Welling hated his wife. I liked her. She was a jolly little thing, and as pretty as a peach on a wall. She wasn't clever, but she was loyal. I think her husband puzzled her. She couldn't see how she was failing him, yet she knew that he thought she was. But she was one of those optimistic, healthy-minded young things that put all troubles and moods and such-like down to liver. But it wasn't liver with John. He sweated out his ordinary poisons in a Turkish bath twice a week. And he swam every day, too, at the Bath Club. He was a whale at swimming was John Welling. If he hadn't been . . . things mightn't have happened as they did.

But that's not fair story-telling. Just remember that John Welling swam like a fish, that's all.

I was dining with them one night at the end of a strangely hot June. London was like the inside of an electric stove. And, to my mind, our dinner-table was like a little private inferno inside that. It wasn't that they quarrelled openly. That would have been more or less healthy. But everything she said seemed to irritate him. If she started a subject for conversation, he changed it. If she volunteered an opinion on anything, he pooh-poohed it, as if she had been a child of ten. Edna stuck it very well, but it was confoundedly unpleasant, and, when John and I were alone over the port, it was worse. He just sat and said nothing and drank a whole heap. When the wine got him going it was worse still. He began a long tirade about how a man can mess up his life, and how, once you'd reached the forty mark, you might as well count yourself out as far as any future was concerned. And so on and so forth. And I sat and shivered, because I knew all the time he was talking that he was within an ace of going the whole hog and cursing Edna in front of me. And it all seemed such a damned pity—because there was nothing wrong with Edna except that she *was* fluffy, and she didn't think life so terribly earnest.

I DIDN'T see John Welling for some weeks after that—and then I ran across him in the club. It seemed to me that he had changed. It's difficult to say how. But there was a sort of portentous gravity about him, and he had an odd expression in his eyes. A kind of cold, fanatical stare. Then I found it wasn't my imagination, for one or two of the members had noticed the same thing, and one of them told me that Welling had pinned him down, in the Strangers' Room of all places, and talked to him about irreligion amongst men. And you can't tell me that's a good sign. A few weeks later there were more sinister yarns going about. John Welling—it was said—had taken up with some kind of an Evangelist woman and was making a thorough fool of himself. I saw him with her, once, coming out of a restaurant. She may have been an Evangelist, but she was certainly a beauty. Amazing coils of red hair and large, bold eyes that did everything but speak. I began to wonder what poor Edna thought about it all. But—well, I don't believe in interfering in other people's affairs—or perhaps the solid truth is that I funked—anyway, I kept out of their road. Welling was just the kind of man to take his Evangelist seriously—soul-mate and that kind of thing; and if he was going to kick the

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shafts out of the cart I didn't want to be there when he did it, partly because I liked Edna and mostly because I hate fuss. So, as I say, I didn't see anything of them for some time, and was surprised, almost at the end of September, to get a letter from Edna from a little place in North Devon, asking me down for the week-end, "because John says the mackerel are in the bay, and the weather's glorious, anyhow, and it would be such fun."

Well, that sounded just like Edna, and Edna perfectly happy; so that I began to think I'd made an ass of myself about John and that seductive Evangelist. I thought, too, that a man's club, when it comes to gossip, can make rings round any sewing-bee, because the things that had been said about poor old John. . . .

However, that's not the story. I went. Somehow the idea that all was well with Edna again bucked me up. I don't know why it should have. But, somehow, she was so like a kid. What I mean is that when she was unhappy one wanted to give her a box of chocolates. . . . She was a bit empty-headed, I daresay, but then we can't all be grave and reverend. . . . It would be pleasant to hear her laughing again, and brushing back that riotous gold from her eyes. . . .

So I went down to Devonshire, for the mackerel were in the bay and the September sun was doing nobly. I arrived at the little station ten miles from Whitycombe, and John met me in his Baby Austin. He was in great form. He drove the car up and down those steep lanes at a steady forty, and he talked the whole time. He didn't put it in bald words, but he somehow managed to give me to understand that anything that had happened in the past had happened and was done with, and that he and Edna were more or less honeymooning. And I . . . because I liked Edna . . . found myself exhilarated. This was going to be a glorious week-end! Edna herself was a different being. She was more like a rollicking kid than ever. It was only just before we were all going up to bed that I thought I saw that queer look in John's eyes again—a sort of steely stare, as if he were looking at something else. But, to tell the truth, I'd drunk as much as was good for me, and as I got into bed I rather cursed myself for sticking a silly idea of that kind on top of what had been a perfect evening. I fell asleep thinking of Edna's undisciplined hair, which had flopped into her wine-glass during dinner and made us all laugh.

The next morning, of course, an ancient fisherman shook his head sadly and told us that the mackerel had moved on. Not that I cared. The day was glorious—I'd missed, by the grace of God, the headache that I deserved, and I could imagine nothing more like heaven than a morning on the beach, half asleep.

But Edna was feeling strenuous. John was mad on sailing, and they'd hired a tiny yawl with stained orange sails.

"There's a lovely breeze," she said. "We simply must go out!"

But I'm not fearfully keen about dodging the boom in a small boat and getting a lot of salt in my eyes, and, besides, I was terribly sleepy. Moreover, there was quite enough sea on to spoil my lunch. So I said I'd watch.

John called me a lazy hound, but I stuck to my point. And, anyway, I got the idea that he wasn't ill-pleased to be alone with his wife. I don't know why I thought that, but I did. I was rather pleased at the time. I felt rather like a beneficent god, looking on, in a fatherly way, at other people's happiness. It's a good and flattering sensation. . . . I lay on the beach watching them through a cloud of tobacco smoke as they ran up the sails, heeled over to the wind, and started bumping through the waves, with clouds of spray beating over the bows like puffs of steam. And I must say that John handled that boat like an angel. It's no gift to manœuvre a small craft, in a changeable wind, on a roughish sea. It takes intuition as well as nerve. Through half-closed eyes I watched them making out to the point, and then I lay back and looked at the cliffs, and felt at peace with all creation.

We had the little beach to ourselves. It was Sunday, and I suppose the tiny village was at church. I heard the cracked bell knocking away as I dozed. Then—it seemed

almost in my dreams—I heard a shout. I raised myself on one elbow sleepily. I saw John's boat, away at the point, where the great rocks reared their peaks out of the sea like giant needles, and she was heeled over on her side, with the waves licking over her like hungry beasts. He'd miscalculated, apparently, and run her aground. I saw him standing up—he seemed to be trying to get the sail down. Then—but it was difficult to see from where I was what actually happened—the boom swung over suddenly. I saw Edna's white arms in the air, and then she fell backwards into the sea. But she was hardly overboard before John Welling—with a perfect dive—was in after her. I ran down to the water's edge. I don't know why. Some sort of silly instinct, I suppose. There was nothing I could do. I was not a strong swimmer, whereas John was like a fish in the water. Edna could swim too, and swim well. But John seemed to be having trouble of some kind. I saw him reach her, and I thought she was swimming then. But I suppose her clothes were pulling her down. He seemed to put out a hand to her, and then she went under. She came up again, and I saw that he had his arm round her shoulders. Her hair glinted in the sun and one white arm shot out and hit John in the face. She'd lost her nerve, poor girl! I stood at the water's edge, in agony. I was helpless. I only saw the thing in jerks, so to speak. The waves kept coming between me and them. I thought she went down again, and I saw John make a kind of dive right on top of her. It seemed ages before I saw him again. Then he had her under the arm-pits, lying quite still—and he was swimming strongly on his back.

I could have cheered. Foolish tears were running down my cheeks. It's not an easy thing to bring off a rescue like that, and I couldn't help thinking of all the rotten ideas I'd had about John.

I waded in to him and helped him carry her out. She was unconscious, and her lovely hair lay over her face in clots.

"Do you know . . . do you know," he panted, "how to bring her round?"

I'd learnt that, thank God, in an ambulance course I'd taken years ago. But, when I started, I thought suddenly that it was going to be hopeless. And yet, even as I worked at her, it came to my mind that the thing had been astonishingly quick. It wasn't as if she couldn't swim. . . .

But I toiled on and on, and the sweat ran off my face like water from a bottle. John stood beside me, staring. I can still hear the drip of the water off his clothes on the pebbles. He said nothing. He just stood there and stared.

"I ran down to the water's edge. I don't know why. Some sort of silly instinct, I suppose"

I don't know how long I was at it. I know I was exhausted, and yet going on like a machine. But nothing happened.

"My God," I gasped, "she's dead, John. She's dead!" And, as I said it, I realised, what perhaps I should have known before, that I loved Edna—had loved her, it seemed to me, ever since the beginning of things.

But John said nothing, and I worked on with great pants and gasps like a wheezy engine. And as I worked I thought of John standing there, helpless after all his great effort, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. Because I knew now what he was feeling—now that I knew I loved her, too.

And then—I think I was praying aloud at that moment—she suddenly stirred. Just moved her head a quarter of an inch, that was all. But it set me going again, and I forgot all about exhaustion. I felt fit enough then to go on till sunset.

"It's . . . going to be all right, John!" I whispered. I found my voice wouldn't do any more than that. I looked up at him for a moment and smiled. But that smile was still-born. I saw John staring down at me, and in his eyes was sheer terror. Utter funk. And I knew, intuitively, that that funk was for himself. I don't know what thoughts ran through my head. My arms went on working automatically. And at last Edna gave a sort of long sigh, and I slipped a hand round her shoulders and lifted her head. She opened her eyes, but I don't think she knew whom she was looking at. And then . . . then she spoke, and I noticed that her eyes were frightened, as if she saw something horrible and incredible.

She said, "Don't . . . don't, John! Don't hit me again! I'm all right! I can swim. John! Please! Why why . . . why?"

And then her head fell back.

We were still alone on the beach, and I knew the whole story. I knew why John Welling had asked me down for the week-end. I knew why he had that frightened look in his eyes, as I was working to bring Edna round; and I knew that he was a murderer. And I knew, too, that I loved Edna. I stood up.

"She's dead." I heard myself saying that, but it wasn't a voice I knew.

He said nothing. He stared at me with that cold glint in his eyes, which I had seen before. And then I saw that he wasn't sane—hadn't been, I daresay, for months. We seemed to stand there for a century, facing one another, with Edna lying on the shingle between us. And there was a cold fury surging up in me, which might well drive me mad, too.

Suddenly he spoke, and his voice was metallic, like his mother's.

"You cannot serve God and Mammon," he said. God knows what he meant, if he meant anything. I found myself answering him quite calmly, but again, if you know what I mean, I could listen to my own words.

I said, "You are a murderer, Welling. But I will give you one chance, for all that. Your boat is breaking up, out there. You can go back into the sea, and swim out, and drown. Or you can go to Broadmoor during His Majesty's pleasure. For you are mad."

I don't know how I had the courage to say it, for Welling was a big man and could have crushed me like an egg.

But he made no move until at last he nodded his head very slowly, and said, "Yes, I am mad." And then he turned suddenly and walked straight down the beach into the sea. He went in just as if he had been bathing, strode through the surf, and took a neat clean header into the waves. I stood there watching him, as he swam strongly in the path of the sun. And I, too, for the first time in my life, knew what Hate was.

I WATCHED him without emotion, as he swam down that lane of gold to die. He did not make for the boat, he kept straight on the line of the sun. And then—three hundred yards out, perhaps—he suddenly turned and shouted something to me. I couldn't hear what he said, but immediately he threw his arms above him and went under. And though I stared and stared, his great dark head never appeared again.

Then, suddenly, I heard a long, deep sigh. I turned about. Edna had moved. She was breathing. As I knelt beside her again I was vaguely aware of the crunching of fishermen's boots over the shingle. . . .

"A doctor," I said, "a doctor! and don't ask questions!"

Some of us carried her back to the village, while someone else dug the doctor out of church He was a slow-minded and irritating man, but he knew what to do.

The MOAN of a MOTORIST (An Easter Tale of Tragedy)

LAST Easter, full of pride, I gave my brand-new car a wash,
I polished up the brasswork and I made it all look "posh";
For the Open Road was calling and 'twas there that I would be
Bowling through the Sussex country bound for Brighton and the Sea.
Yes, my heart was light within me as I left my chaste abode,
And headed "Boanerges" for the dear old open road,
But had I known the trials which in masses lay ahead,
I'd have left my car in garage for I'd not have left my bed!

'Twas the first time I had taken "Boanerges" out alone,
And my knowledge of the Road Rules was minute I frankly own,
So it wasn't very long before I met my first mishap
By getting caught for speeding in a Kingston By-pass trap.
Then, whilst reflecting sadly "fine" is not the same as "fair,"
I ran clear out of petrol "umpteen" miles from anywhere,
And whilst the other cars whizzed by, I cursed my fate again,
Though spirited remarks to cars are always made in vain.

I lost my way near Horsham, and I lost my temper too;
My heart was black, my eyes saw red, my language it was blue;
For I had a premonition—that's another word for "hunch"—
That, since I'd been and missed my way, I'd go and miss my lunch.

Tired, hungry and dispirited, at twenty-five past three,
I found a roadside café where I bought myself some tea.
"I feel blown out," I murmured as I left, but sad to tell,
I found one of my inner tubes had just "blown-out" as well!

The shades of night were falling fast (that line, though old, is neat),
When "Boanerges" (Author up) reached Brighton's rearmost street,
Ten minutes more, my goal was reached—I parked the car and sought
A bedroom at the Albion. "Now I'm O.K.," I thought.
Alas, no room was vacant there and nowhere else as well,
I sank a double whisky and that's why my spirits fell,
Then finding things were hopeless, I decided I must beat
(Although I did not want to) a strategical retreat.

I hurried to the car park feeling fed-up as could be;
Alas, though, not a glimpse of "Boanerges" could I see,
And I realised what had happened with a sinking at my heart—
Some thief had left me less a car but left me in the cart!

ENVOI.

This Easter if the weather is really hot and fine,
With some tatting in a deck-chair in my garden I'll recline,
And I shall not envy people who are making motor tracks—
Besides, I've had to sell my car to pay my Income Tax!

BARD.

THE AFFAIRS OF MEN—cont. from p. 31

When she was sleeping quietly he spoke, almost for the first time.

"Close call," he said. "*You've* saved her life, not me!" Then he went his way. And I felt the biggest thrill of my life . . . to think that I'd saved Edna's.

Later, I went up to see her. Her eyes were open, and still frightened. I'd made up my story.

"My dear," I said, "John did his best—but after he dived overboard for you he was never seen again. He must have hit his head on a rock. You swam magnificently, and I managed to drag you in—standing in the water."

She looked at me in a puzzled kind of way.

"But . . ." she whispered, "I thought . . . I thought he hit me . . ."

I shook my head.

"Dreams," I said. "When you're just coming round from a thing like that the brain plays all sorts of tricks."

"But," she began again, "when I . . . when I woke up, there were two of you. . . ."

I shook my head again.

"It's like an anæsthetic," I said. "You weren't capable of knowing."

In the end she believed me. She believes me still, and we've been married now for five years. J. H. T.

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION

Mr. Harry Preston has been very busy of late in helping to organise the big boxing tournament held at the Albert Hall last night in aid of H.R.H. the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic. He is seen above depressed at a "so sorry" refusal of support, and also in receipt of a cheque for the good cause. It can be gathered which expression fits

"ADA-MAY'S" REVUE

Ada May, who scored a big personal success in Chas. B. Cochran's "1931 Revue," which opened last Thursday at the London Pavilion. She is seen here in a dress of the period—but not of this period

On the right: A bevy of beauty to be seen at the London Pavilion where, as is usual in Cochran shows, the young ladies have much to do—and do it to everyone's satisfaction. That leading ladies in the musical comedy world are recruited from the Cochran Chorus is a proof of the talent that there abounds

Photographs *Sasha*

Top: Two of Mr. Cochran's young ladies, Lillie Binney and Whitey Leeson. Two regular "toppers"!

FILM NOTES

Tom, Huck and a friend off on adventure bound. A scene in Paramount's talkie version of Mark Twain's famous story, "Tom Sawyer," in which Jackie Coogan plays Tom, and Junior Durkin is Huck

BURLESQUING FAMOUS STARS

BY LIONEL COLLIER

THE Gorno Marionettes have a world-wide reputation. They represent a form of dramatic interpretation which has stood the test of centuries. Their dolls were handed down from generation to generation until at last they met the new in the form of the cinema. It is only eighteen months ago since Signor Gorno brought his historic dolls to England, and it was while they were being filmed that tragedy overwhelmed them; they were all burnt by a fire that broke out in the studios. About three hundred puppets were destroyed, including Bil Bal Bul, a doll that was nearly two centuries old.

BUT, Phœnix-like, the marionettes have risen from their ashes, now clad in costumes which caricature famous stars, and about six of the new burlesques have been filmed. We meet in these brilliantly clever little people Buster Keaton, Tom Mix, Anna May Wong, Cherry Kearton, the famous English big game cinematographer, and Charlie Chaplin. These are wonderful caricatures. Perhaps the best item is the one entitled "Kerri-Cheertum in Jungle Tungle," a burlesque travel picture in which appear all sorts of animals displaying an ingenuity of manipulation that is nothing short of marvellous. It is a kindly, satiric comedy on the travel film. After all, burlesque is a healthy thing, and the cinema suffers for not having enough of it.

CHAPLIN is not spared. In a picture entitled "Our Dumb Friend" we are introduced to the man who refuses to talk trying to force his way into a sound studio. Eventually he is flung out, and throwing open some gates enters a place labelled "Our Dumb Friends' League." Maybe this is prophetic, but anyway, it is certainly most amusing. These short pictures are well worth looking out for at the cinemas; they represent a strange union of the old and the new.

Jeanette Macdonald and Edmund Lowe in a picturesque love scene from Fox's film, "Don't Bet on Women," a sophisticated modern comedy

I THINK only one of Mark Twain's books has previously been picturised, "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." That was an exceedingly clever silent picture, and it is now being remade as a talkie. Now there is "Tom Sawyer," which faithfully follows the book. That infant prodigy, Jackie Coogan, who was first discovered by Chaplin in "The Kid," shows, as Tom, that he is not going the way of most infant prodigies—that is to oblivion. He is delightfully boyish and natural in the rôle, and admirably supported by Junior Durkin as that hero of boyhood days, Huck Finn. The picture is simple and unsophisticated. So many charges have been levelled against the screen that it does not cater for juveniles, but here at last is a production which can be enjoyed by both old and young alike.

ANOTHER Sherlock Holmes picture has been shown recently, a picturisation of "The Speckled Band" with Lyn Harding in his original part of Dr. Rylott. While it has more movement than "The Sleeping Cardinal," which I mentioned the other week, it is not nearly so satisfactory in tradition. Tradition means a lot in Conan Doyle's stories of the famous amateur detective, and unfortunately Raymond Massey looks totally unlike the popular conception of Sherlock Holmes. Then, too, the director, Jack Raymond, has tried to bring the settings up to date—a fatal mistake, since Holmes belongs to his period and cannot be taken out of it. Baker Street is transformed, the detective has up-to-date offices. "Tell England," which I criticised in these columns, is having a special run at the Palace Theatre.

A DARK ATTEMPT ON "CITY LIGHTS"

Whilst Charlie Chaplin was finishing his latest comedy in Hollywood, his marionette "double" was undergoing strange adventures in Wembley, where Associated Sound Film Industries, assisted by the Gorno Marionettes, made a clever film skit on the great comedian's refusal to make a "talkie." Above are seen two of the lifelike marionettes used in this film

THE ARMY AT PLAY

Lance-Sergeant R. R. Sutherland (3rd Carabineers) being chaired after winning the individual championship in the Army Cross-Country Championships at Borden. He had previously won this event in 1928, and recently finished third in the National Championship

Photographs Keystone

Some of the large field of 155 runners who took part in the Army Cross-Country Champships at Borden. The winning team was that of the 2nd Battalion the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the 2nd Battalion the Buffs and 3rd Divisional Signals being second and third respectively

Sport and General

A player getting away with the ball during the final of the Army Rugby Challenge Cup, played at Aldershot recently, when the 1st Battalion the Duke of Wellington's Regiment beat the Training Battalion the Royal Engineers (Chatham). At no-side the score stood at 21 points to nothing

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN

KIDS AND KISSES PREFERRED

says

DAPHNE DU MAURIER

IF the truth must be spoken, then let it be shouted from the housetops without discretion, a spade denounced as a shovel, and the proverbial veil of illusion be torn aside. Both Mr. Phillips Oppenheim and Mr. Collinson Owen remembered their manners, and, with the chivalry of a past age, combined with an even greater tact, they discussed the position of woman in the world to-day as though it mattered.

Mr. Collinson Owen started off in fine style by saying: "One may begin with what affects us most importantly to-day — the question of politics." Immediately his women readers preen their feathers; they are made to feel that the world is somewhat upset because of them, even if they can do no greater damage than is done by a small teasing mosquito in a large jar of ointment.

But, Mr. Collinson Owen, were you speaking the truth? Does the question of women in politics affect anyone ever at any time, and weren't you writing with your tongue in your cheek when you said it was important? If we are calling a spade a shovel, let us admit, without shame or prejudice, that, from the point of view of your readers of either sex, the only thing that matters is for a woman to be attractive.

Dorothy Wilding

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER

The clever young author of this provocative article

"THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN"

is further revealed in this remarkably frank article which follows others written from varying angles by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, Miss Ethel Mannin, and Mr. Collinson Owen which appeared in our issues of March 11, 18, and 25.

Next week the discussion will be continued by Mr. Philip Page.

A FRIVOLOUS, low-minded statement, I agree, but, then, the reader of this paper is also frivolous and low-minded, otherwise he or she would not have spent their shilling at a bookstall, but would have saved it to put in the Poor Box of their Parish Church.

No doubt this is a very sad state of affairs, and sensible people will declare that the country is going to the dogs, but, then, every country has been going to the dogs since the days of the Flood, and nothing can be done about it. It is just one of those little things that cannot be prevented. When the reader picks up his BYSTANDER to read the truth about women he does not care a jot if Mrs. Screaming has won the West Puddleford by-election, and Miss Muck has written the book of the month, and Lady Ernest has issued a pamphlet on hygiene, and Miss Wallflower has flown to Timbuctoo; but it does interest him to turn to their photographs, compare their faces, and wonder idly whether it would amuse him to take any of them out to dinner.

IT may be that the Flapper Vote is a disaster, and literary ladies are a pest, and feminine creatures who run businesses and try to rule empires are deliberately advancing a step towards the smash-up of the universe, but the reader does not care. He simply is not interested. He works very hard in his office from ten till six, and all that matters to him is that he is meeting his girl at seven, and unless she responds to his hand-squeezing in the cinema and jumps at the idea of a taxi home, he is going to have a dull evening. His truth about women is that they are a very pleasant and necessary recreation, but if they are not in the right mood at the right time, bang goes that three-and-sixpenny seat at the cinema, and his five bob saved for the taxi may as well be thrown down a drain.

The reader does not expect his girl to win a Double First at Oxford or to be the leader of the Junior Imperial League, but he does want her to have a good pair of legs and to wear her hat at the right angle, and for other fellows to ring him up and tell him, "I say! Who on earth, what?" It would give him no excitement to be told, "Oh, yes, she runs the Social Workers' Club, and made that marvellous speech on life in the slums"; but he will swell with pride and anticipation when there comes a meaning whistle from the other end of the 'phone and the voice says, "Gosh! Wasn't she the girl who sent Tim Moonface to the devil, and who Bobby Blank blew out his brains for, and why Harry Faithless left his wife?"

He knows that she will not talk to him about life in the slums, because if she did he would never take her out again, and, anyway, the sort of women who matter—the sort who send Tim Moonface to the devil—couldn't possibly belong to such a thing as the Social Workers' Club.

AS for the Social Worker herself, and Mrs. Screaming, of West Puddleford, and Miss Muck, Wallflower, and Company, let us continue speaking the truth and admit that they would not be making speeches or producing pamphlets or flying to Timbuctoo but for the fact they are superfluous and because, up to now, nobody has blown out his brains or left his wife for any of them. We can cancel the many types of women, the home-maker, the home-smasher, the politician, the beauty, the writer, the fool, the wit, down to two and two only: the woman who is attractive

and the woman who isn't. The one shall be taken and the other left. Like the theory of the survival of the fittest, when the weaker must go to the wall.

All very unfair, of course, but, then, nature frequently arranges things badly, and nobody can prevent this woman being born with blue eyes and that woman with boils. Because there are more women in the world than men a certain number must go unloved, and, though driving a speed boat and exploring a jungle may provide a temporary exhilaration, it cannot, unfortunately, give the permanent mental and physical satisfaction that is brought about by the business of bearing children.

However tiresome it may be to face, women were made for this particular purpose, and for nothing else. "I flew my Moth over to Ireland yesterday. I wasn't a scrap afraid," says Miss X; but if she were honest she would confess that she is only imitating the men who invented flying, and that if she had the chance she would be doing something that men have never done, and which requires a greater courage.

The Miss X who admits "Yes, I do want to be loved, and I do want a baby, but nobody wants me," is a fine person indeed and deserves the Victoria Cross for speaking the truth, but the Miss X who tosses her head and says, "Pish! Men and children mean nothing to me," is either a self-conscious little hypocrite or she happens to be funnily made.

To return to our two types—the attractive and the unattractive woman. The second we are obliged to leave flying her solitary aeroplane or composing her sterile speech. There is no hope for her; she is superfluous and she knows it; she will have to make her own hard bed and lie alone on it.

She is a problem for the phychologist, and has nothing to do with the reader who is travelling from London to Brighton and demands his shilling's worth of amusement. Our first woman is attractive because she has been endowed not necessarily with beauty or intelligence, but with that indefinable something that is partly charm and partly sensibility, but mostly intuition. Unlike her sisters, she makes no attempt to climb the highest mountain or swim the deepest river; her one fight since she first emerged, bright-eyed and calculating, from the rib of Adam, has been the fight for security, to catch the man who will give her this security, and to bind him for good. She will go to any lengths to obtain this; she will crush her own moods of nerves and irritation and cultivate the patience of ten Jobs. Her first quality must be that of a good listener; instinctively she knows that man is happiest when he is talking about himself.

Through no fault of her own she is a natural liar; existing for men in a world ruled by men, she must laugh when they expect her to laugh, cry when they want her to cry, and she must not over-laugh or over-cry, because then she would become a bore and another superfluous woman.

Central News

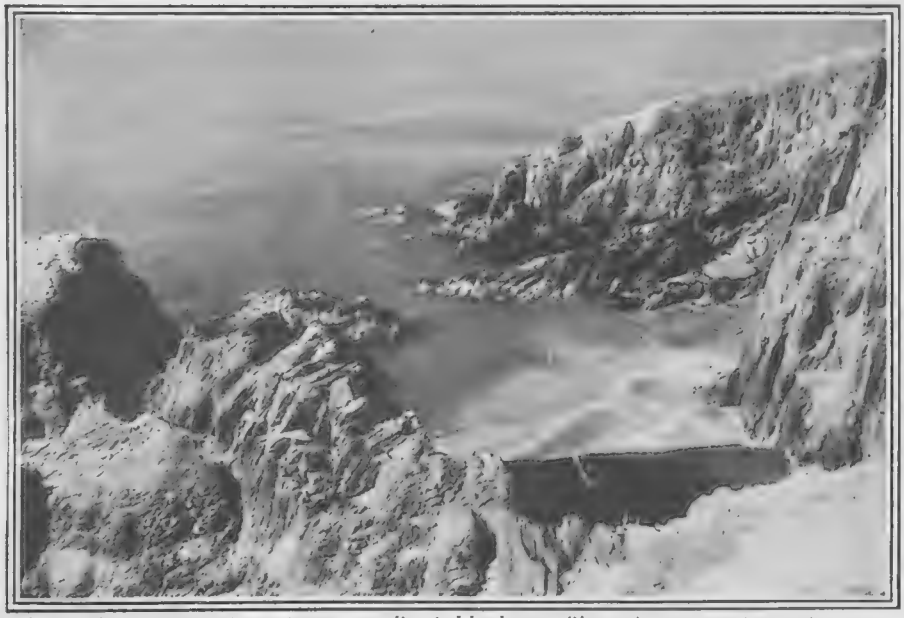
Prince Lennart of Sweden, who has caused a considerable stir in Swedish Court circles by announcing his engagement to a commoner, the beautiful Mlle. Karin Nissvandt, with whom he is seen. The Prince is an artist of merit, and has designed some of the beautiful silverware shown at the Swedish Handicraft Exhibition in London

To say the right thing at the right time is a matter of technique, nor must she betray for one instant that she is a poor, material-minded, hand-stretching female in search of male support and desperately anxious to please, or that she is in fact anything but a lovely, sympathetic, desirable creature who is momentarily aloof, but will ultimately become very definitely approachable.

It is fatal for her to be frank; the woman who lays all her cards on the table may as well pack up and breed chickens. The true woman is she who keeps silent, who waits until her victim is duly quartered and scalped at her feet, and then hangs the scalp round her neck with a queer, innate satisfaction as though in some way this was a revenge for the life nature forces her to lead, enabling her to smile secretly behind her hand and to despise man for the pitiful, preposterous thing he proves to be.

The truth about women is that they are never allowed to tell the truth, never permitted to be sincere; they were born to fool men from the cradle, not once, nor twice, but nine hundred and ninety-nine times—and not to stop there, but to go on fooling.

D. DU M.



One of the many beautiful little coves on Burgh Island, near Plymouth, where a delightful modern hotel has now been opened. The island is a former haunt of pirates and smugglers

"How is your husband getting on with his reducing exercises?"

"Marvellously. Why that battleship he had tattooed on his chest is now only a rowing boat!"

A NEW HOTEL ON A PIRATES' ISLE

A bird's-eye view of Burgh Island, off the coast of Devon, only a few miles from Plymouth. In the foreground is seen the luxurious Burgh Island Hotel, which affords every modern facility to visitors to this picturesque spot, formerly the headquarters of the notorious smuggler, Tom Crocker

BURGH ISLAND, near Plymouth, now possesses one of the finest and most up-to-date hotels in Great Britain, and the grounds consist of the Island itself, which is separated from the mainland by a narrow strip of sea only 6ft. deep at high tide. It has been aptly called the Modern Treasure Island, for it was once the haunt of smugglers and pirates and reminders of its romantic past abound, whilst, apart from the hotel itself, a welcome modern innovation is to be found in the excellent hard courts laid down for lawn tennis players. Burgh Island via Plymouth will soon be a recognised route for visitors from America, being so accessible for those making Plymouth their port. Moreover, it is only four hours by rail from London

The view from Burgh Island, showing the mouth of the river Avon and Tom Crocker's Hole in the left foreground. At low tide it is possible to walk from the Island to the mainland over the dry sand

Tom Crocker's Hole on Burgh Island. Here pirates and smugglers were wont to store their loot secure from the prying eyes of the Customs men

AT THE PLAY

"CHAUVE SOURIS" AT ITS

"Chauve Souris," at the Cambridge Theatre

NIKITA BALIEFF is back again in London for a short season, and beams and frowns at us once more when acting as compère in announcing the bill of fare. This time, however, in addition to providing those artistic snippets, which are both short and effective, he has given us something which, for him, is quite a novelty. This is a fantasy in eleven scenes dramatised from a story by the Russian author, Poushkin.

Stage Photo Co.

A scene from "The Queen of Spades," a fantasy with music, the outstanding item in the Chauve Souris programme at the Cambridge Theatre. Reading from left to right are the Duke of Orleans (Jack Twyman), the Young Countess (Jane Amstel), and Count Gagliostro (Walter Armitage)

Bertram Park

LEA SEIDL

Who will play the leading part in "The White Horse Inn," the musical play with which the Coliseum will reopen as a theatre on Saturday next, April 4

WHERE this differs from the usual run of Russian plays is that something really happens! Wild-eyed, unwashed, gloomy Muscovites do not loll about the stage calling on their little brothers and little sisters to note the diseased condition of the speakers' souls from 8.30 till 11, when the only drama worthy of mention is in discovering that at the later hour the souls are even more diseased than they were at 8.30!

NO, the late Mr. Poushkin, helped by Messrs. Komisarjevsky and Balieff, in *The Queen of Spades*, has a dramatic story to tell. It cannot be called cheerful, starting and ending as it does in a madhouse with an unintentional murder sandwiched between—but things *do* happen. What they are I will leave you to discover for yourself, merely remarking that to play the Queen of Spades instead of the Ace of Clubs in the card game shown on the stage is even more devastating than, when vulnerable, going down six tricks at Contract Bridge, so you can guess it must be pretty tragic! This fantasy, which reveals some lovely and original stage pictures, is finely played by an English company, with George Hayes most dramatic in the principal part; Marie Ault marvellously senile, Jane Amstel marvellously beautiful, and Lydia Sherwood marvellously appealing. *The Queen of Spades*, in itself, should draw the town.

BEST — By Vernon Woodhouse

A song-and-dance medley from "Chauve Souris." The Cossack scene, full of colour and melody, which concludes the first part

Photographs Stage Photo Co.

Tania Riabouchinsky, the fifteen-year-old dancer, as she appears in "Diana Hunts the Stag," in "Chauve Souris." Although so young, she possesses a perfect technique

The Cochran Failure

C. B. COCHRAN is so good a showman that the sudden withdrawal of his revue at the London Pavilion came as a shock. For once this manager's flair for knowing what the public wants failed him, and the result was disaster.

I THINK that the chief reason for this debacle was due to the fact that his *1931 Revue* was not a good mixture. Sophistication does not blend with slap-stick. An audience that can enjoy the former must possess a catholic taste if it can also appreciate the humour of the two American comedians, Messrs. Clark and McCullough, who provided the latter.

AND yet, when this pair were over here some years ago, and appeared in *Chuckles* at the New Oxford, they made most people who saw them laugh and laugh and laugh. But then they were part of a slap-stick show, and their material was better.

YET another reason why the *1931 Revue* failed to attract was, I think, that Ada-May, an attractive little artist, was not big enough—in every sense—to carry this show on her small shoulders. As an adjunct she will always fill the bill; but, as will be seen on another page which went to press before news of the disaster was known, this was described as an "Ada-May Revue," and a bigger personality is required to bear the brunt.

NO one takes a knock-out blow and comes up again smiling better than C. B. C., and, if I may suggest to him, I think he could recoup his losses with a revue in which there is a central theme. Another *As You Were*—which was one of his big successes—is long overdue. V. W.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

FINE FRILLS and FIERCE THRILLS By "Junius"

VICTOR BRIDGES

Whose latest book, "The King Comes Back" (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) is a "thriller" with a Ruritanian setting. It is reviewed in this article

ONCE upon a time Paul Poiret was the most fashionable couturier in Europe, a creator of modes which his rivals were forced to follow. It is even interesting to men to see how this position came about, and it will certainly be keenly interesting to women. Both can read all about Poiret's birth—he was the son of a cloth merchant—his inborn talent for dress designing, and his brilliant, varied career, in *My First Fifty Years,* translated by Stephen Haden Guest (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.). A vivacious book written by a man who once had all Paris at his feet.

Poiret boasts that he "proclaimed the fall of the corset and the adoption of the brassière, which, since then, has won the day." He likewise invented the sheath skirt, adding: "Yes, I freed the bust but I shackled the legs." There were "tears, cries, and gnashing of teeth," but Poiret stood firm and "everyone wore the tight skirt."

We are also told the inner history of the mannequin parade at 10, Downing Street, when the late Lord Oxford and Asquith was Prime Minister, which caused such a hubbub at the time. One day Lady Oxford, then Mrs. Asquith, went to Poiret's establishment in Paris. She was so struck by his designs, "They are dresses for aristocrats and great ladies," she said. "I want to help you to reveal them to us." So the famous tea-party was arranged, and Poiret with his mannequins and his trunks arrived in London. "The parade was a triumph," he says, but "At seven in the evening there was a chill, and I was packed off without any standing on ceremony." The next morning the storm burst. The Prime Minister even had to answer questions in Parliament about this parade. Lady Asquith "no longer dared" to go to Poiret, but he adds: "As for me, I was launched in London . . . and all her lovely friends came to me for their dresses."

If Poiret made a great deal of money he certainly spent it royally, his fêtes being the talk of Paris. Unlike most writers of memoirs he is very frank about certain episodes in his life. A most diverting book. Poiret does not hide his light under a bushel. He uses the light to set the bushel on fire.

ON the inside of the bright green jacket of *Olives are Scarce,* by Edward Yates (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), you read: "It is a pity that women like Olive should be scarce." Olive is the heroine. Personally, I think it is just as well that women of her type should be scarce.

JOHANN FABRICIUS

The Dutch author, an English translation of whose book, "Vain Love," has appeared. It is published by Gollancz at 10s. 6d.

She is a hoydenish, wild creature of seventeen when Jimmy Hales, aged nineteen, first met her in Calcutta. He promptly falls in love and goes on loving her until he dies, thirty years later. There is a quasi-engagement which Olive breaks, whereupon Hales marries. When his wife takes their son to England Hales and Olive come together again, with the usual result. Then an astonishing situation arises. They meet at intervals of "six months, a year, or longer," Olive refusing to live with him permanently. So it is just as well that Olives should be scarce. Women of her kind have a devastating effect on the lives of men like Hales.

The author tells us at the outset that other women didn't regard Olive as "nice." One is quite inclined to agree. Some of the young woman's remarks at the age of seventeen are staggering. I daresay it is true to type, but in cold print, to say the least, they are disconcerting. *Not* a book to be read aloud in the family circle, especially if there are any elderly aunts about.

DETECTIVE stories pour from I don't know how many pens until you begin to wonder when the supply of plots will give out. Mr. Bruce Graeme is, therefore, all the more to be congratulated on the originality of *A Murder of Some Importance* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), in which he breaks entirely new ground. Following the protocol for such stories Mr. Graeme gives you immediately a highly intriguing mystery. The Comte de Chauvrincourt, the French Ambassador in London, is murdered whilst driving in his car from Victoria Station to the Embassy in Albert Gate. The chauffeur has seen or heard nothing. How could the Ambassador, who was alone in the car, be stabbed whilst passing through the crowded streets?

Here comes in the author's originality. Scotland Yard, the French Sûreté, and the Berlin police all take a hand in trying to track down the criminal. Each force has its own methods. Mr. Graeme has described these so faithfully and cleverly that at moments you lose sight of the crime in the excitement of seeing the working of the three different police methods. Obviously, he has make a profound study of those methods and likewise of the mentality of French, German and English detectives. Sir Basil Thomson, in his foreword to the book, says that Mr. Graeme "has the rare distinction of portraying the organisation and work of criminal investigation at New Scotland Yard as they are." A most original book, a real thriller, but, to my mind, marred at the end by what one feels is a false note. Surely no woman would become the mistress of a detective who had been instrumental in sending her former lover to the gallows?

I EXPECT a good many people when they read the early chapters of *In the Market,* by Archibald Lee

(Continued on page 44)

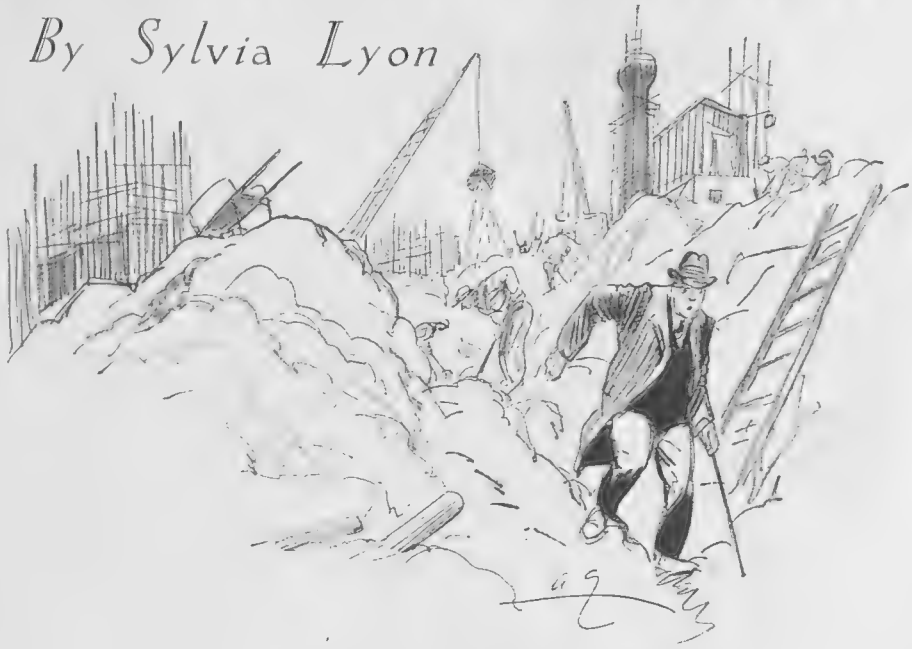
PARIS GOSSIP

EXILES, INTRIGUE, AND ENTERTAINMENT

By Sylvia Lyon

WHAT with the construction of a new subway to the Colonial Exposition at Vincennes, the consequent re-routing of autobus lines so that one may land anywhere one doesn't want, the gradual destruction of all tramway tracks, and the laying out of new spring plants and flowers, the streets of Paris nowadays resemble the after-effects of an earthquake.

The municipal hot-houses at Auteuil have been working overtime to turn out flowers in honour of the spring visitors to the exposition. But perhaps all this construction and decoration will prevent unemployment. That is to say, the flower beds surrounding the fountains in the Rond Point des Champs-Elysées look more as though oil wells were being sunk, and for all I know the terrassiers and gardeners may be miners sent down from the North.



"The streets of Paris nowadays resemble the after-effects of an earthquake"

Illustrations by A. Galland

EVERYBODY, of no matter what nationality or faith, tried to enter St. Joseph's Church on St. Patrick's Day. Late that afternoon I saw Major-General Needham, who is to leave for duty at Bombay after four years as military attaché at the British Embassy. General Needham had loyally gone to the services at St. Joseph's, where, he said, he did not see one Irish face. "In fact," he said, "the noses were all turned in the wrong direction." This, of course, is because St. Joseph's, which is for English-speaking Catholics, is in the Avenue Hoche, and everybody knows that the Avenue Hoche, and the surrounding Plaine Monceau, has been known ever since the 'nineties as the Plains of Israel.

BEFORE leaving for Palermo to supervise the arrangements for the wedding of her son Henri, Comte de Paris, to the Princesse Isabelle d'Orléans-Bragance, the Duchesse de Guise gave two receptions in company with the bride-to-be and her parents, Prince Pierre and Princesse Elisabeth d'Orléans-Bragance, at their house in the Rue Saint-Louis-en-Ile.

'MIDST THE SWISS SNOWS

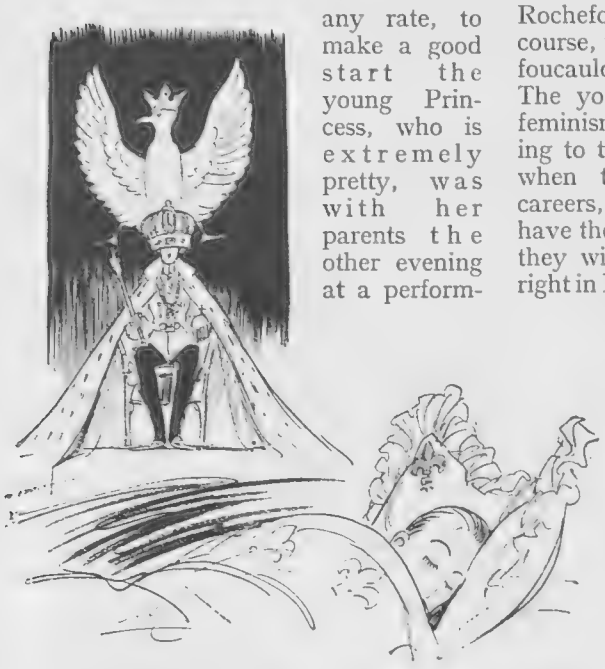
Prince Takamatsu, the brother of the Crown Prince of Japan. He is seen enjoying the winter sports at St. Moritz

STORIES of exile are concerned with both families. The Comte de Paris' parents were married at Twickenham, and have four daughters—Princesse Isabelle, the Comtesse Bruno d'Harcourt, Princesse Anne, the Duchesse de Pouilles, and Princesse Françoise, Princess Christopher of Greece. The bride's father, Prince Pierre d'Orleans, was married in Rio de Janeiro to Princesse Isabella de Bragance, and they still maintain an estate near there called Petropolis, named after Dom Pedro de Brazil, whose great wealth is almost intact among his descendants. Their principal French property is a royal domain, the Château d'Eu. The Princesse Isabelle is twenty-one years old, and is the eldest of five children, there being two boys, Pierre and Jean, and two other girls, Marie-Françoise and Thérèse.

THE house where the pre-nuptial receptions were held is almost hysterically historical, and is tied up with political and literary history. Voltaire lived there, and Lord Chesterfield frequently visited the house, which is still called the Hôtel Lambert. In 1843 it was purchased by the Princesse Adam Czartoryski and became a gorgeous background for the balls given in honour of the Polish emigrés in Paris. The next Czartoryski, Ladislas, moved to England and there married Princesse Marguerite d'Orléans, the daughter of the exiled Duc de Nemours. To-day, Prince Adam Czartoryski is half owner with his cousins of the Hôtel Lambert. The interior, with its beautiful ceilings, painted by Lesueur and Le Brun, is the house described by the Princesse Marthe Bibesco, in her novel, "Catherine-Paris." But, with a literary transposition, the exterior of the house in the book is not the Hôtel Lambert, but the boat-shaped house in the Quai Bourbon, at the western end of the Ile-Saint-Louis, belonging to her cousin, Prince Antoine Bibesco.

AND now I come to a more latter-day story of political intrigue. Last year the Comte de Paris, who is twenty-three, and who lives at Wolluwe St. Pierre, near Brussels, and who, since coming of age, cannot live in France, made a tour of Poland. It was an extremely royal tour, with a foreign crown as a visionary goal, for he went to offer himself as King of Poland, in case the Poles ever want a king again. Of course his future marriage to an Orléans-Bragance Princess was already planned, and her mother is of Polish birth, having been born Elisabeth Dorbrzensky de

Dobrzenicz. The bride is, as I said, a cousin of the Czartoryskis, and it was through the feuds between the Poniatoiwski and Czartoryski families that Russia was able to walk in, using a heated moment while they were fighting among themselves. Perhaps the young couple will start housekeeping in an imaginary royal castle in Poland. At any rate, to make a good start the young Princess, who is extremely pretty, was with her parents the other evening at a performance of *Le Chant de Berceau* at the Studio des Champs-Elysées. . . .



"The Comte de Paris made an extremely royal tour of Poland, with a foreign crown as a visionary goal"

WHAT do all the young men do in Paris? Most of them seem to be studying for the diplomatic service. There is hardly a tea or cocktail party when some eager young man does not suggest "Let us go over and talk about feminism to the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld." Providing, of course, that the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld is there—and she usually is. The young men do not care about feminism, they just want to be charming to the Duchesse so that one day, when they are launched in their careers, she will use her influence to have them sent to London. However, they will be lucky if they are stuck right in Paris at the Affaires Etrangères and given posts sharpening pencils. However, this may lead them to become young author-diplomats like Paul Morand and Jean Giraudoux, or an author-diplomat who is a mystic, like Paul Claudel, or an author-diplomat who is jolly, like Robert de Billy. The one horror of boys going into the diplomatic service is that they will be sent to Berne, where they can only eat chocolate and yodel. This is their great mistake in cultivating the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, because she is quite keen on Switzerland, flying from alp to alp, from lake to lake, wherever any committee of any session of the League of Nations may be.

THE Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, née Edmée de Fels, is head of the feminist movement in France, but there is no chance of the women getting the vote in this country unless somebody drops a bomb on a full sitting of the Senate! Every year a Bill for woman's suffrage gets as far as the Senate and then curls up and grows as yellow with age as the Senators themselves. The Senate is the most staunchly Republican factor in the Government, and there is a very logical reason for its opposition to woman's suffrage. The great mass of Frenchwomen in the provinces is entirely under the influence of the clergy, and once that vote is influenced by Rome there is but one more step to Monarchy. S. L.

ONE advantage of being fat is that the waistline provides a remarkably good shock-absorber for a revolving door.

* * *

A NEW YORK woman is suing for $200,000 because her jaw was broken in a car smash. We understand she claims total disability as a wife.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 42*)

(Cassell, 7*s.* 6*d.*) will say, "Impossible!" "How exaggerated!" To us present children of light it is incredible that the heroine, Claire Dalton, should have been dismissed from a finishing school and sent by her mother to exile in Dorsetshire only because she had had tea with an actress. But sixty years ago people like Mrs. Dalton, Claire's mother, looked upon the stage as the particular profession of the devil, and all who belonged to it as his own particular children.

I myself remember an aunt who held this opinion. One day, taking my brother and myself to a museum, we passed a theatre. "There," she cried, "see, the miserable creatures have to admit it themselves! Look, children!" She was pointing to a large notice, "This way to the Pit."

Mr. Lee opens his story in the early 'seventies. I find it a masterly study of the mid-Victorian period, not biased, sneering, or super-critical, but a presentment of life and character, seriously thought out and studied—most refreshing after some of the literature on the Victorians we have had lately. A leisurely book telling the life of Claire Dalton, set round by conventions which to-day have entirely disappeared. In her own way she fights those conventions, but they prove to be stronger than she is. Life was bitterly circumscribed for girls in those days. Poor Claire! First, she is sent to Dorsetshire because she has tea with one of the leading actresses of the time, and likewise a most respectable married woman. Then she is sent to another exile in Sussex because she falls in love with the village organist, and leaves notes for him under a hassock in church.

You should read Mr. Lee's clever book, and men and maidens should also rejoice that Claire Dalton's yesterday is not their to-day.

"EXOTIC" is the word which applies exactly to *Vain Love*, by Johann Fabricius (Gollancz, 10*s.* 6*d.*), translated from the Dutch. The book in German translation has had a big success in Austria and Germany. I am not surprised, and I should think it would have a success here also, despite the unusually high price.

The story is the life of Mario Ferraro, a Capri fisherboy who runs away from the island and arrives in South America as a stowaway. Such a bald statement gives you no idea of the wealth of detail, the understanding of primitive natures which leap from almost every page. Mario becomes the possessor of an estancia in Paraguay, and sends for his sweetheart in Capri. The mass of colour is bewildering. The beauties of Capri, the slums and docks of Naples, the voyage to South America with the saving of a child, which brings Mario a little fortune, and then Paraguay, with its wild life and its jungles—they all pour from Fabricius' pen in a never-ceasing stream. A real romance as engrossing as *Jew Süss*.

YOU may argue that *The King Comes Back*, by Victor Bridges (Hodder and Stoughton, 7*s.* 6*d.*), bears a resemblance to *The Prisoner of Zenda* because of the strong likeness between two men, and one of them, an Englishman, being chosen as the King of a Ruritanian State. But there the resemblance ends. Mr. Bridge's English hero, Richard Brandon, in return for three thousand pounds, takes the place of a prince whom one of two contending parties want to make King of the Republic of Cruto-Dolgaria. This is the last thing the prince desires, and upon Brandon's promise he departs from Monte Carlo, leaving the young Englishman to a pretty tangle of plot and counterplot. Matters are still further complicated by Brandon falling in love with a charming girl whom the opposite party want to make Queen of Cruto-Dolgaria. Like all Mr. Bridge's novels, *The King Comes Back* goes with a swing. A book you will enjoy from start to finish, especially the disentangling of the knots. "JUNIUS."

RESPONSIBILITY

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Modern civilization demands the ready acceptance of responsibility. The Air Liner pilot—quick in emergency—is an outstanding example.

RESPONSIBILITY can be either a handicap or an encouragement.

For those who lack courage or initiative it is a burden.

For others—the strong and progressive—it is an urge to succeed. Its presence demands care and forethought, increased effort and patience. Its ready acceptance creates confidence in those who bear it.

The Standard Motor Company recognise their responsibility and accept it gladly. Every effort is made to maintain and improve the high reputation for Quality and Value that has been earned by Standard cars.

A defect in detail will mar any vehicle—may even have serious consequences.

The name of Standard is a Hall Mark of Quality—it has earned the confidence of both Trade and public—it guarantees you the best car in its class.

The All-British

Standard

Models for 1931

"ENVOY"	"ENSIGN" SIX			"BIG NINE"
Six Cylinder Half-Panelled Saloon	*Six Cylinder Saloons—as illustrated*			*Four Cylinder Saloons*
£385	£245	£275	£285	*From* £195—£255

Dunlop Tyres as Standard

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD COVENTRY

FLYING NOTES

A Spring Morning

To appreciate that an aerodrome can be quite an attractive place in itself, arrive early on a spring morning, when the mist is clearing and the activity of preparing for a day in the air has commenced. I called at Heston on just such a day before the first machine had been aloft to test the visibility. A smart blue and red Spartan belonging to the Guards' Club was waiting in front of the restaurant whilst two members about to fly were finishing their breakfast. The school machines of "Air-work," resplendent in white paint with their green markings, were drawn up ready for the day's work. Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Jun., was testing the engine of his Avian Sports, whilst Captain Baker, the chief instructor at Heston, stood by, lending a critical ear to the proceedings. The new Avian belonging to the Shell people is one of the smartest things in light 'planes I've seen for some time; its colour scheme is, of course, red and gold. Several Puss Moths were engaged in giving their "revs" on the ground, whilst Klemms of all kinds were waiting patiently for their day in the country. The Segrave "Meteor," with Flt.-Lt. Armour and Mr. Selfridge, Jun., on board, will lead the Easter tour to Spain, which promises to be as successful as the one organised by the Heston people last year. The route to be taken is via Dijon and Barcelona to Seville.

Art Photo Service

Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is a keen airman, with his 'plane. It is a red Klemm monoplane fitted with a 95 h.p. engine

FLYING SEASON OPENS WELL

BY CAPTAIN C. E. WARD

Flying Ten Years Hence

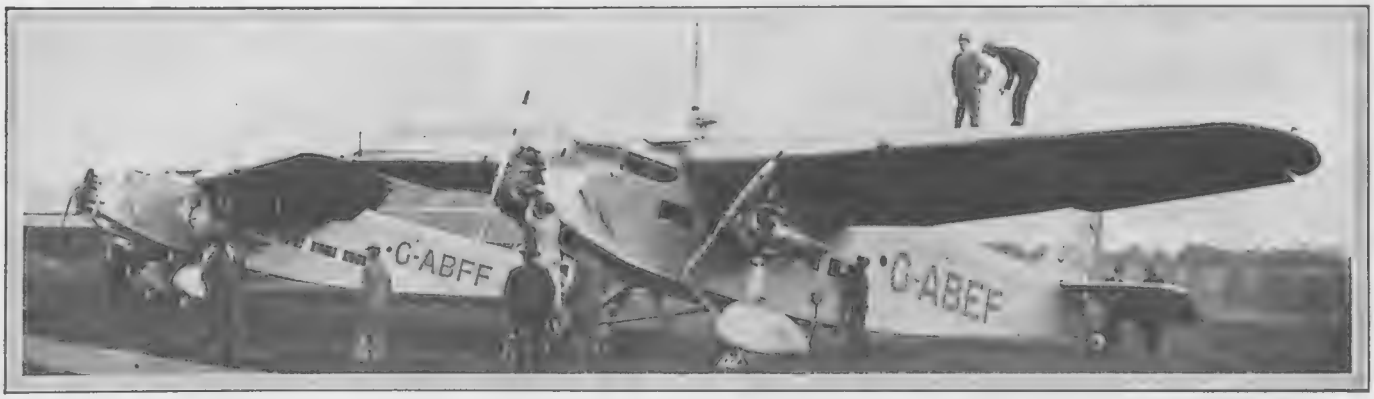
A PRACTICAL interest in flying is being shown in the most unexpected quarters. The Royal Institute of British Architects has an Aerodromes Committee, on which serve other experts from the Air Ministry, the Ministry of Health, Imperial Airways, and, in addition, Sir Alan Cobham, who has done more than anyone in this country to get aerodromes established. The committee's first report is an inspiring document, stressing the need for careful thought before buildings and other facilities are constructed. The traveller in future will get his first impression of a country from the air, and therefore good architecture at an aerodrome is all-important. On the Continent and at many airports in the United States, station buildings, hangars, and workshops give an impression of beauty by their lines, and the R.I.B.A. is to be congratulated on putting in a plea for good style over here, so that we can avoid the ugly and ragged appearance which transport centres usually present.

Those Air Mails

CAPTAIN CARL FLORMAN'S recent lecture was a useful reminder that other countries are paying closer attention to this matter of air mails, particularly their carriage by night. He made a good point when referring to the British postal authorities' indifference to the whole question of faster mail services. There must be large vested interests on the side of the reactionaries, otherwise more experimental work would have been carried out, and the Post Office would have at least been in favour of the Air Mail, even if it regretted that finance did not permit rapid extensions. As it is, the business of the country is being obstructed, and it has remained for a foreigner to point it out to us. Mails flown from the Continent have taken as long as three hours for transport from Croydon to London—more time than is needed to fly all the way from Paris. The first inward mail from Central Africa showed a saving of twenty-three days as far as Croydon, but the Post Office needed nine hours in some cases to deliver the letters in Central London. *Not* a very helpful contribution to the inauguration!

The Air League's Party

THE Air League's afternoon party at Hanworth on Tuesday, April 7, has been arranged specially to interest children. Tickets, to include tea, can be obtained from N.F.S. at half a crown for children and five shillings for grown-ups. The Henderson Aviation Bureau, taken over by Captain Havelock Charles, uses a Gipsy Moth and a Puss Moth for air taxi work, the former being also available for instruction at Croydon.



Keystone

Two all-metal Ford air liners at Heston showing engineers on the wing carrying out an inspection. It will be noted that the leading edge is fitted with headlights for use in emergency night landings

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

SIMPLE AND DECORATIVE BEACH AND GARDEN SUITS

These new interpretations in summer suits may be seen at Liberty's, Regent Street, W. The one on the left washes extremely well; it is twelve shillings and sixpence, and is carried out in Japanese silk enriched with stencilling. The three-piece affair on the right is likewise of Japanese silk, and is three pounds ten shillings

For Rowing, Fencing and Tennis

A beach or garden suit that a woman who is clever with her needle can make at home. It would look extremely well in Santoy, a Courtauld printed fabric

The Centre Court at Wimbledon

THE setting of another scene was the centre court at Wimbledon; there were the umpire and chair, ball boys, and non-playing captain. Fashions for golf were shown in a Portmarnock setting. As there are many of our readers who were unable to be present, a catalogue has been prepared entitled "Everything for Women's Sports Wear." It will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

From Paris to Piccadilly

As usual, Swan and Edgar's (Piccadilly) March of the Mannequins was of absorbing interest. It was divided into sections, and the prices were plainly stated. This is an immense advantage. One section was entirely devoted to fashions for tennis enthusiasts and spectators. The former were perfectly practical and were white; it will be recalled that clubs of good social status allow only white dresses on the courts. There were wraps of all kinds for slipping on after the game; they were of the gayest colours, light and warm; some of them partook of the reefer character The proceedings were brought to a close with the Wedding March, when two brides appeared, one dressed in white chiffon and the other in satin. Their bridesmaids wore picture frocks and carried muffs. Swan and Edgar will be pleased to show the brides' and bridesmaids' frocks to all who are interested in the subject.

Beach and Garden Suits

BEACH and garden suits are of topical interest now that the warm weather is within measurable distance. A wrinkle worth remembering is this: that two swimmers should be purchased, one for wearing with the suit and the other for bathing, as the second is always dry on return to the beach. As some women like to make something for themselves, an illustration is given of a beach suit that would look remarkably well carried out in Santoy. This fabric is a member of the Courtauld family. It is soft and supple, and is guaranteed to retain the beauty and freshness of its appearance even after repeated cleaning. It is sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it application must be made to Courtaulds, 16, St. Martin's le Grand, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

Lightweight Luggage

IT is really a pleasure to visit the distinctive luggage department at Debenham and Freebody's. They are responsible for the lightweight travelling accessories pictured at the foot of this page. There is the hat carrier on the left; it is fitted with a lock, and there is an elastic pocket inside. Next to it is a rug case with a zyp fastening; in addition, there is a special division for a cushion. Also portrayed is a bag that will prove a veritable joy to all who travel, no matter whether it be by rail, car, or 'plane. The pocket outside is destined for the passport, while the inside fittings are of an unusually high order of merit. A few words must be said about the passport cases, with pockets for cards, letters of credit, landing ticket, etc. In brown, blue or black morocco they are 10*s.*; in pigskin 12*s.* 6*d.*

Everything Must Be "Right"

THE sportswoman has come into her own, and she is just as particular about her "kit" when playing the "game" as are the women who are interested in frocks and wraps for important social functions. Everyone was particularly interested in Gamage's Marble Arch Cabaret of Sports; it was an important feature of their dress parade. There were "Gamage's Eight"; they were not mannequins, but healthy girls who are rowing enthusiasts. They raced along the "path" and then took up their position on the stage; they shouldered their oars and slowly promenaded the salons. They were greeted with rounds and rounds of applause. They wore navy blue pleated skirts and blue and white sweaters. In another scene expert fencers from a well-known school gave a display; their skirts were black and their jackets white.

These much-to-be-desired travelling accessories may be seen in Debenham and Freebody's distinctive luggage department. There is the lightweight hat carrier, cushion and rug case, and handbag with a special pocket for passport

MOTOR NOTES

USE A "USED" CAR

By E. M. Wright

A Ford "Tudor" Saloon beside an interesting signpost at the village crossroads in Luss, a delightful little village on the bank of Loch Lomond

Miss Ethel Smith, the winner of the highly coveted South African Music Scholarship, which is unique in being open to all branches of music, both vocal and instrumental. She is seen above with one of the latest Willys-Knight Sleeve Valve Six Saloons

THE wonderful value offered nowadays by makers of every class of car has its reflection in the prices charged for second-hand vehicles. If a brand-new baby car will sell complete for £100, or under, the buyer of a second-hand car can either get a similar type of vehicle for a ridiculously small sum, or, alternatively, for round about £100 can invest in a really large and powerful car. The second-hand car market is full of remarkable bargains if you know where to buy, what to buy, and when to buy. The old idea of a bargain was to pick up a car for a pound or two. It is safe, however, to assume that a car which sells for a mere song is, in fact, worth practically nothing at all. The actual price you pay is only one factor in bargain hunting; the really vital question is what you get for your money. While there is a third point that should not be overlooked; that is, what will you get when ultimately you come to sell the car?

***

MANY motorists still look upon buying second-hand as a little infra dig. They class second-hand cars with "part-worn" overcoats. A second-hand car is, in their opinion, a make-shift and an admission of poverty, and if they do buy such a vehicle they either hush the matter up or else make rather stupid apologies. Obviously, I do not attempt to compare a nineteen-o-something model of a make which has now ceased to exist with the latest 1931 creation of a world-famous firm. But, given that the car is a well-known make with a first-class reputation, given that its previous owner has driven it carefully, and, above all, has run it in carefully, given, too, that there has not been any violent radical change in price or design which dates the car as to render it almost obsolete, a second-hand car will in a very large number of cases prove a better bargain than a brand-new model still hot from the foundry, so to speak.

***

NATURALLY, a second-hand car will not be dernier cri; there will probably be some blemishes in the paintwork. A corner in the upholstery may have begun to run. But what of it? How long does a brand-new car look brand new? The vast majority of motorists do not want a car which is fit at a moment's notice to be entered for a concours d'élégance. Provided it will go well, provided it looks well, provided it is comfortable, its age is of no consequence whatever. Makers seek to tempt us with their new models at Olympia. It is their pious hope that motorists after a day on the stands will go home, savagely kick their faithful chariots in the radiator or the petrol tank, and write out an order for a larger and a better car. Such is the salesman's dream, but it is far removed from reality. Every motorist naturally wants the best car he can afford. Most motorists who can afford a new car buy one because they imagine they are getting the best, for the motorist has yet to realise that a judicicusly chosen purchase in the second-hand car market may turn out to be a better bargain than the latest novelty from the factory.

***

THE most important consideration in favour of buying a second-hand car is that depreciation is always heaviest in the first year of a car's life. A car that has been carefully run in has already lost one-third of its value, but the older a car is the lower becomes its annual depreciation. What the actual loss is will depend on its make. Certain popular British types will lose as little as 25 per cent. in their first year. Most of the American cars on the market in this country will lose as much as 50 per cent. The wise purchaser in the second-hand market not only considers the type of car which will suit his own personal needs, but he also learns early to acquire a very fair knowledge of market values. Such knowledge is, in fact, essential if depreciation is to be kept as low as possible.

***

IF he exercises care and judgment in his purchase a motorist can, for little or no extra cost, keep in commission a far better car than he could possibly afford if he always bought new. The secret is to buy a popular make, to buy a car that has still plenty of life in it, and not to hang on to it until it has passed into its dotage. Of immense importance, too, is the time of

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

year in which one buys a car, and the time of year in which one tries to sell it. A clever friend of mine, who knows the intricacies of the market from A to Z, manages to keep himself supplied with a first-class, quite up-to-date car for half, or less than half, of what it would cost him in the way of depreciation were he to invest in new models. Not everyone is as keen a business man as he. At the same time, an ordinary motorist who is reasonably alert can not only save money, and enjoy better and more varied motoring, but he has always the possibility before him of bringing off a scoop.

IN THE NEWS

A Daimler Bargain

Cheapness can scarcely be regarded as the outstanding characteristic of Daimler cars, yet at only £675 for a complete saloon, fitted with such features as the famous fluid fly wheel and self-changing gears, the new Daimler 16-20 h.p. is cheap indeed. The car is designed for the owner-driver, and probably the special Daimler transmission features will be even more appreciated on the smaller model than they have been on larger cars of this make.

A Generous Donation

The donation of £1,500 prize-money for the R.A.C. Ulster T.T. is yet another instance of Lord Wakefield's generous encouragement of motor sport and aviation. Many of our greatest achievements in the air, on land, and on the water, are due to his ready sponsorship. It is Lord Wakefield's firm belief that the winning of the speed records in air, on land, and on the water, has national value to Britain in increasing our prestige in the eyes of the world. To take one instance, he bought the Golden Arrow—Segrave's famous car—and sent it on tour round the world. The car created tremendous interest, and the result was an increase in the sales of British cars wherever it went. It is now in the Exhibition at Buenos Aires, where it will carry on its good work as a silent salesman for Great Britain.

A group of experts inspecting the Seventy-five Special Talbot Saloon at the Euston Road showrooms of Messrs. Pass & Joyce, Ltd., during their Talbot Week. Seen above are Mr. A. H. Pass (left), Capt. A. J. Makins, the General Sales Manager of Talbot, Mr. S. H. Davey, a Director of Pass & Joyce, Ltd., Sir Malcolm Campbell, Mr. C. J. Joyce, and Mr. A. Robertson, the General Manager of Talbot

Testing the Mileage

Though designed primarily for garages and service stations, the Zenith mileage tester is nevertheless a gadget after the heart of the private enthusiast. Briefly, when used in conjunction with the speedometer, it will reveal the actual mileage per gallon at given speeds with an error of only one-half of one per cent. The outfit consists of a glass container holding one-tenth of a gallon, an electric fuel-pump, and tubing to connect the container with the tank and the carburetter.

To test a car the outfit is hung on the window, where its readings are plainly visible, and the tubing connected up. The car is first driven in the normal way until it is thoroughly warmed up and a clear stretch of road is available for the test. The tap is then turned so that the container fills up. Then, noting the figures on the speedometer trip mileage, the driver cuts off the main supply and drives on the petrol in the glass container, taking another reading of the speedometer when the supply is exhausted. Ten times the mileage recorded gives the exact mileage per gallon. The apparatus weighs about 9 lbs. and costs about £5. E. M. W.

WHIPPET SALOON NOW £158 SEND FOR CATALOGUE

The recent reduction in the price of the Whippet can only be fully appreciated when you examine the car, study its pleasing appearance and experience the fascinating performance of which this saloon is capable. The power of the 15/40 h.p. engine enables all main road hills to be taken in top gear without apparent effort . . . driving is wonderfully easy . . . steering is light . . . brakes are powerful, light to apply.

May we send full specification of this outstanding car . . . the only full five-seater saloon of its power and price on the British market? Now reduced from £188 to £158.

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P.N. 184

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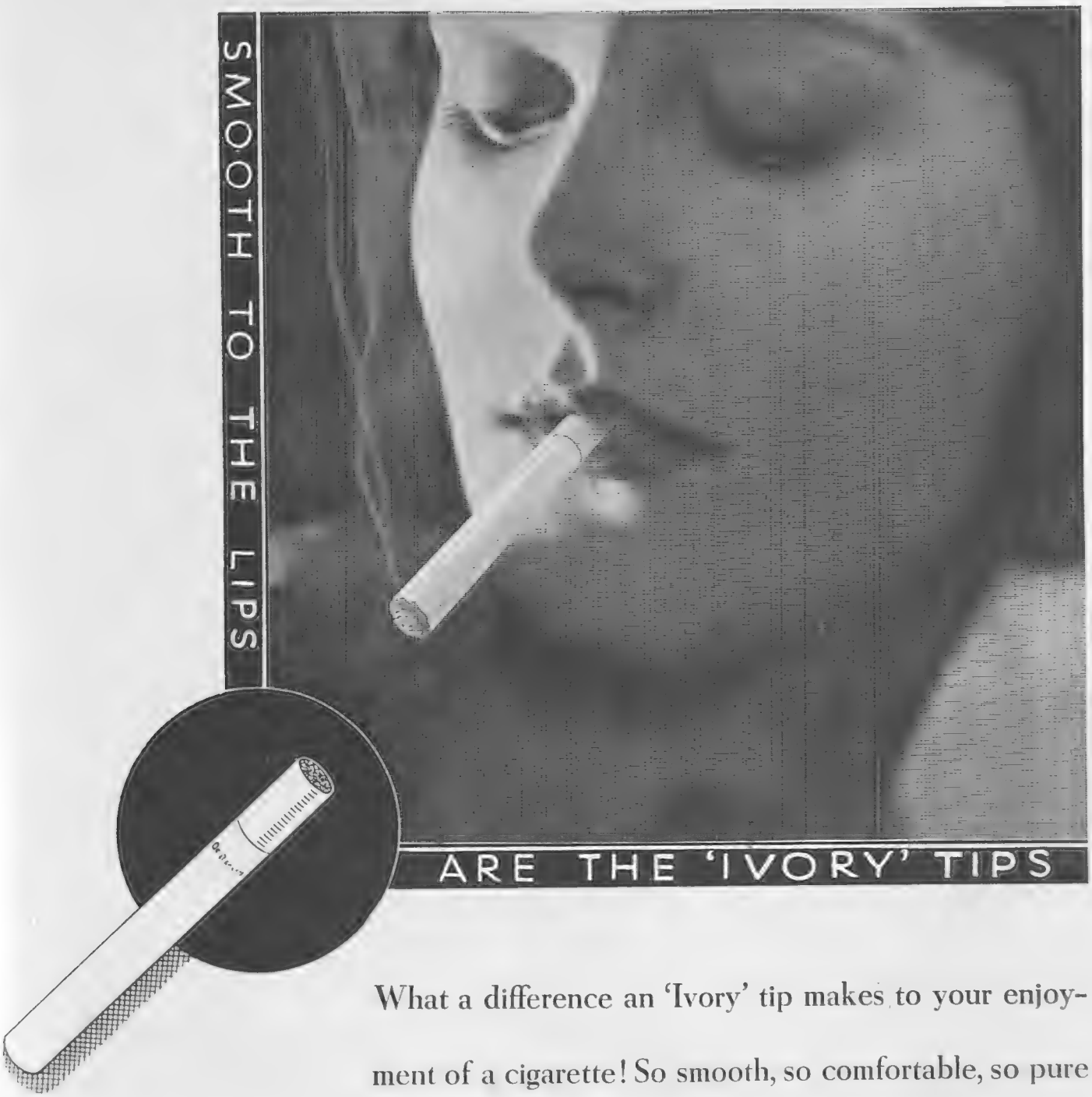

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—of course!

Turks 20 *for* 1/-

DOGS

"ON TO THE MILLION"

BY LADY KITTY RITSON

"ON to the Million!" That is the slogan of the Tail-Waggers' Club, and it must be our aim to enlist as many members as possible for this end. Charity is a sufficient reason for itself, but when one realises that a great number of the members of the Royal Family belongs to the Club, and that such celebrities as the Duchess of Wellington and the Duchess of Rutland are also ardent members, it shows that it is an institution which should be supported.

THIS is not one of the charities where a lot is wasted on expenses. When the bare needs for management have been deducted, every other penny goes to dog welfare. The Tail-Waggers raised £15,000 for the Veterinary College, and now they are assisting the Dumb Friends' League, the Battersea Dogs' Home, the Blue Cross Charlton Kennels, and various other doggy institutions. I always think that so many of us pretend to be very devoted to dogs, but what do we do to help them? We sentimentalise, and there the matter ends. How often do I meet women who gush and exclaim: "I do *love* dogs." But if you asked them to spend an hour or two a week on a committee or some other form of work they would immediately explain that they had no time. Well, here is an opportunity to help and for the small sum of 2s. 6d. Once you have paid that, you have finished, and your dog is a member for life, and see what privileges you get. You receive a medallion in oxidised silver with the dog's name and address on it, as required by the law; also the dog's membership number and the address of the Tail-Waggers' Club headquarters. You get a certificate entitling you to free postal advice on dog management, etc., during the life of the dog enrolled, and a copy of the booklet, "The Dog Owner's Guide." But, above all, the Club has traced and returned 2,700 lost dogs to their owners through its offices.

Ralph Robinson, Redhill

Capt. Williams' Schnautzers out for exercise at Chertsey. This breed is rapidly gaining in popularity in this country

NOW, don't you think that there are more than enough reasons for making your dog a Tail-Wagger, and that when the last moment comes and you stand alone, shivering, wondering who will speak for you, that maybe the dogs whom you have helped will say: "Master, she did her best for us." I knew a charming nun many years ago, and I chaffed her about her many good works. She smiled and answered: "Il faut faire sa petite provision avec le bon Dieu." So, even if you have no other motive, you may well be storing up righteousness for yourself if you join the Tail-Waggers' Club. The address is The Registrar, The Tail-Waggers' Club, 21-22, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

IF your dog seems languid and out of sorts at this time of the year, don't worry too much, for it is very likely only the spring. He can do with less exercise, but let him sit about in the sun and absorb the violet rays. I cannot emphasise the fact too strongly that when dogs are casting their coats they are apt to become debilitated. So feed him well and perhaps give him a tonic. An occasional raw egg is an excellent thing for the coat, and helps him through this tiresome time. This is particularly true of dogs with big, heavy coats.

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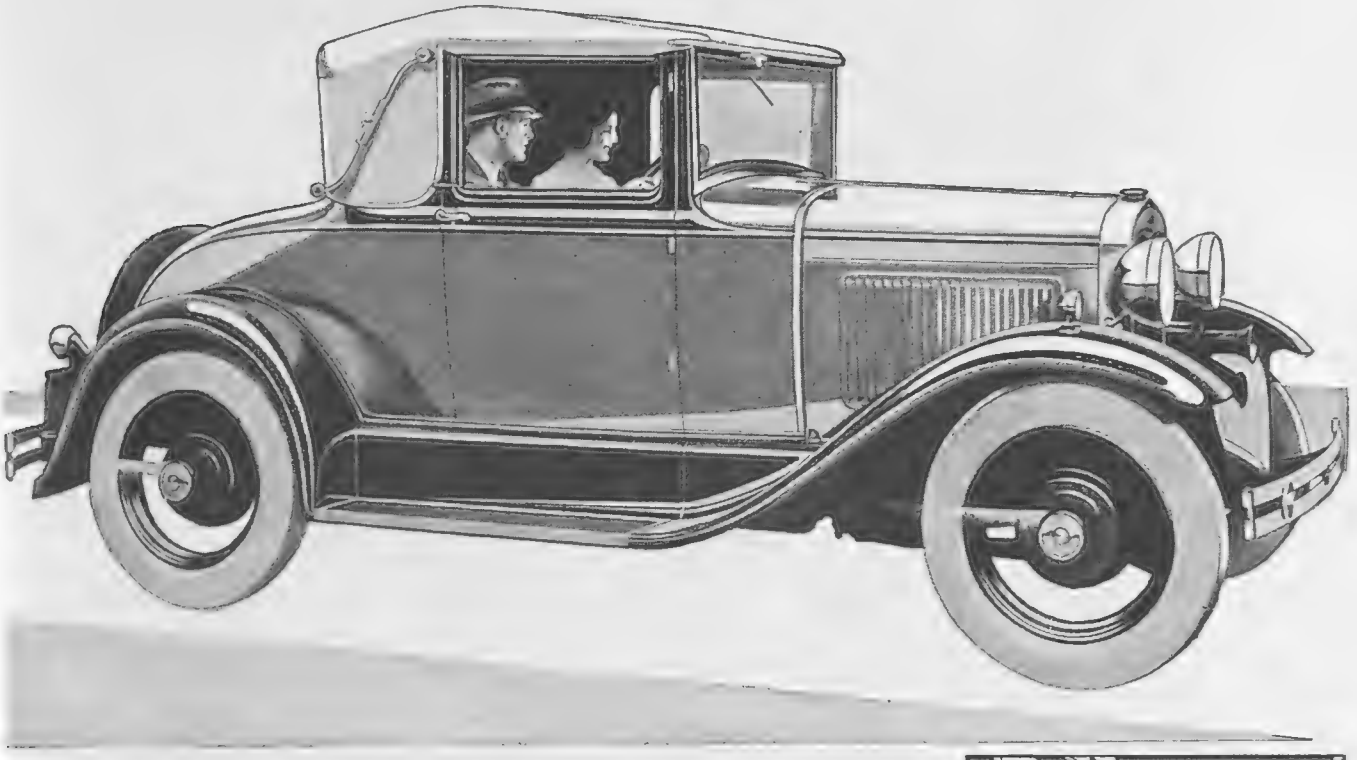

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Lacking nothing which makes for refinement of performance, the New FORD is yet demonstrably easier, simpler, less tiring to drive, over the longest day, than is any other car of comparable purchase-price, carrying-capacity and running-cost.

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All prices at works, Manchester.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED : LONDON AND MANCHESTER

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS
(AMERICAN SALAD)

CÔTELETTES AUX HUÎTRES

PIGEONS EN CAPOTE
POMMES DE TERRE NOUVELLES
EPINARDS EN BRANCHE

CRÊME D'ABRICOTS

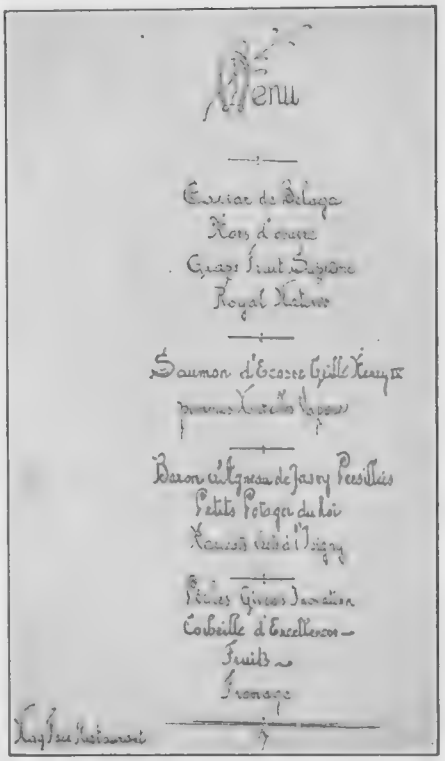
CAFÉ

Hors d'Œuvres Variés

AMERICAN SALAD.—Cut a freshly gathered cabbage into the thinnest shreds possible; season well with salt, black pepper, tarragon vinegar, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, some finely chopped onion, and a tablespoonful of salad oil. Mix all well together and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs, strips of ham or tongue, some capers, and sprinkle it with a little chopped chervil.

Côtelettes aux Huitres

MIX about half a pound of veal with the same weight of large stewing oysters; chop all very finely, and then pound them together in a mortar, adding two ounces of finely chopped veal suet and three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs which have been soaked in the liquor from the oysters; season with a little salt, white pepper, and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Now add the beaten yolks of two eggs and mix thoroughly, pounding it a little more, and make it up into the shape of small cutlets. Fry them in butter, after dipping them in egg and breadcrumbs. Drain them well and send to table very hot, garnished with sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon cut into fancy shapes.



The menu of an attractive luncheon served recently in the restaurant of the May Fair Hotel

Pigeons en Capote

TAKE the number of pigeons required, clean, truss, and stuff them with a mixture made of the chopped livers, parsley, butter, and a few breadcrumbs. Put them in a stewpan with two or three slices of bacon, and stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. Thicken the gravy, and add a couple of tablespoonfuls each of mushroom catsup and port wine. Use stock to stew them in.

Crême d'Abricots

ONE pint of cream, 6 oz. of castor sugar, one dozen apricots. Put half the cream to boil in a double boiler; when hot add the sugar, and stir until dissolved. Take from the fire, add the remaining half of the cream, and, when cold, freeze. Mash up the apricots and stir them quickly into the frozen cream, turn the crank of the ice machine rapidly for five minutes, then remove the dasher and pack in a basin on ice until wanted.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Fighting Cancer

In pursuance of the progressive policy followed by The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, in their efforts to do everything possible to improve methods of treatment and advance research, the committee have purchased the Gastrophotor, the amazing new instrument for photographing the stomach; and its possibilities are being investigated. It is expected that this instrument will render possible a big advance in the early diagnosis of internal cancer, thus affording treatment every chance of curing the disease. The Gastro-photor consists of a camera which can be swallowed. Attached to the camera is a powerful electric lamp connected with an ordinary lighting circuit. By a most ingeniously contrived transformer any current can be used—direct or alternating, from 100 to 250 volts. As soon as the camera is inside the stomach the film is exposed by pressing a button. Another button is then pressed and the lamp flashes a light of 1,200 candle power for the hundredth part of a second. Finally, the first button is released to close the camera, which is then withdrawn from the stomach. The operation occupies no more than 60 seconds.

England's Springtime Riviera

Every year I make the Royal Victoria Hotel, at St. Leonards, my spring retreat, and just as often I realise why it has been so popular for over 100 years. Here, in this sun-kissed spot on the South Coast, those who can take their leisure in springtime find quietness and luxury. The visitors' book contains many famous names of the Royal Family, including those of King George and his father and mother. Generation by generation the hotel has been modernised and improved, so that today it offers remarkable comfort without losing any of its older charm.

Helping the Children

For over sixty years now Dr. Barnardo's Homes have done sterling work in caring for destitute children and bringing them up to be good and useful citizens. No fewer than 110,000 children have been received into these homes, and last year alone 17,797 children and young people were dealt with. Of the 8,291 boys, girls and babies who are always being supported and trained, 473 are crippled or afflicted in various ways, and it is readily appreciated how heavy must be the expenses incurred. Indeed, funds are urgently needed to enable the good work to be carried on, and donations and subscriptions, great or small, will be gratefully received. They should be sent to The Rt. Hon. Lord Ebbisham, G.B.E., Hon. Treasurer, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

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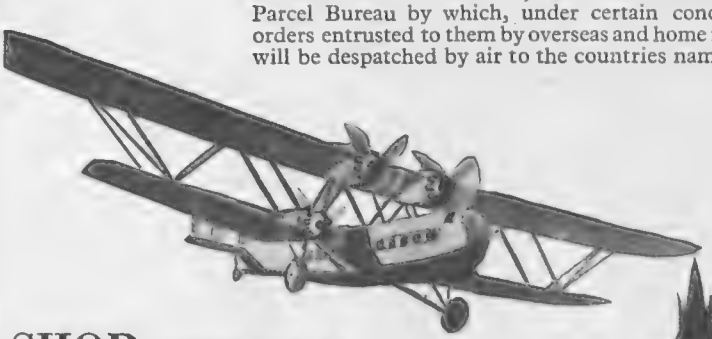

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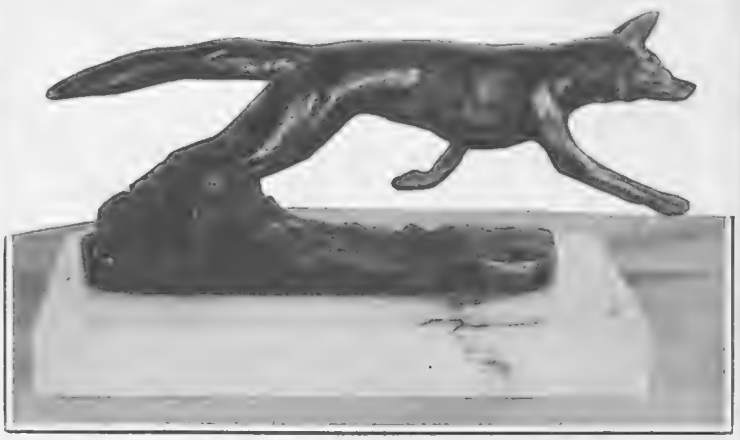

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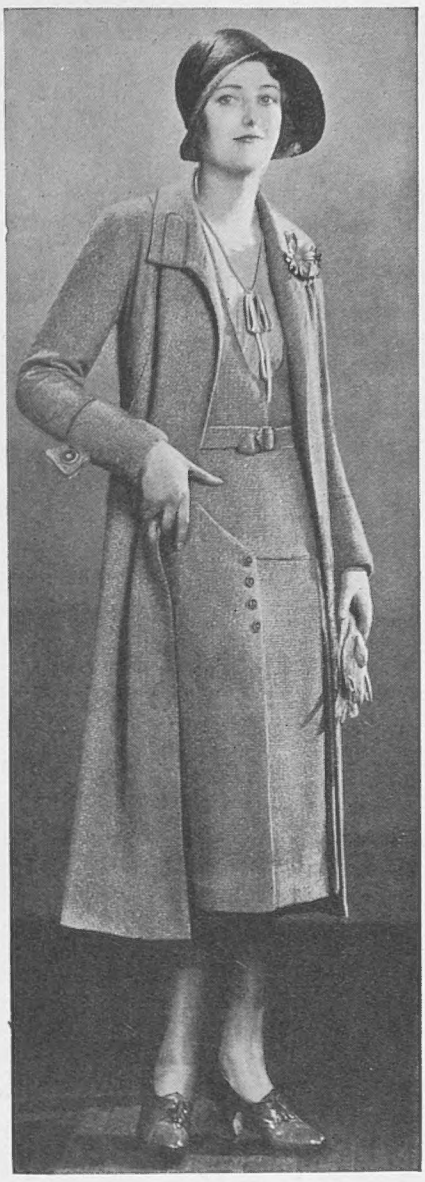

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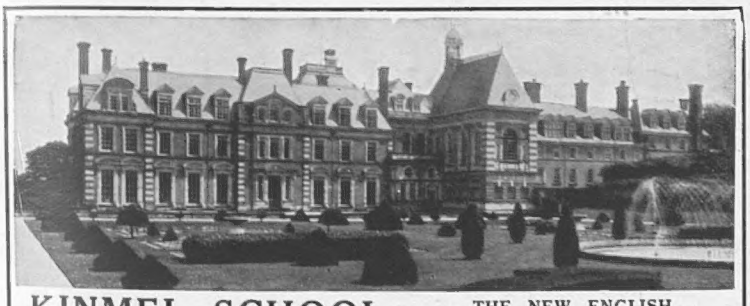

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